

BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1943



ERIC BAUME
NEGLEY FARSON

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F. MATANIA, R.I.



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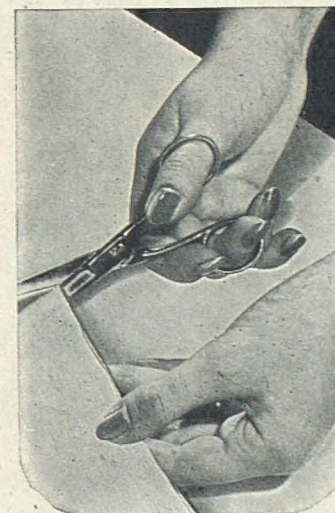
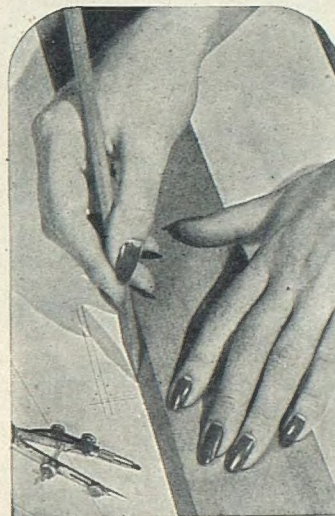
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shield over freedom

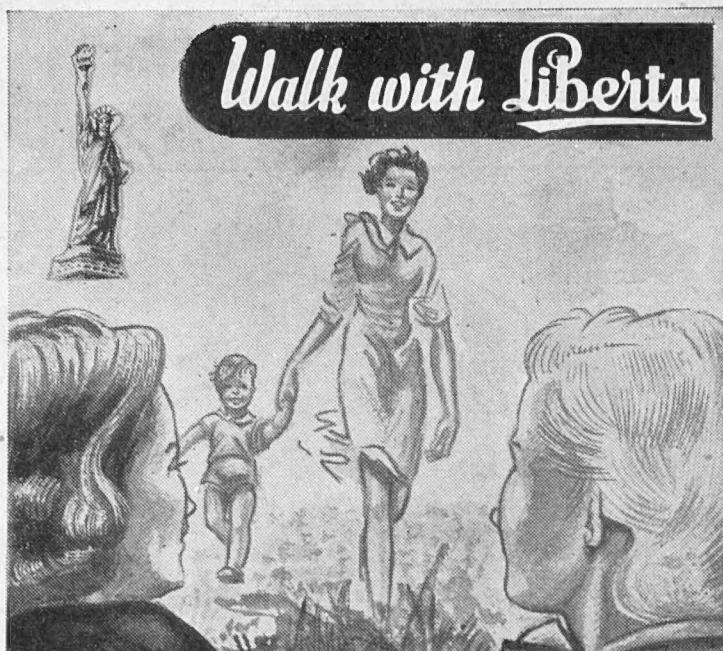


Over Dunkirk — *too few*
 Over Singapore — *too few*
 Over Crete — *too few*
 But the factories
 hummed,
 and the people toiled;
 more planes,
 more planes
thousands
 Squadron after
 Squadron —
 roaring into the sky!
 Layer above layer!
 Far below —
 like toy ships
 on a floor —
The Convoy
 Shield over the
 Convoy —
 The Stukas slink away —
 the Convoy goes on!
 Shield over Malta
 — *Malta, the indomitable*
 Shield over the
 Eighth Army,
 crashing to Victory.
 Shield over the
 Great Fleet,
 steaming to Algiers.
 And some day —
 shield over Europe
 while the Nazi hordes
 go rolling back
 and our boys
 go charging forward
 to free the nations.
 Shield over
 Freedom!
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MORE PLANES.

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B.E.4

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are rationed—but there
 is always some on sale
 somewhere. Ask at your
 shop or store



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It makes the most of all her joints
And meaty things requiring points.
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It's

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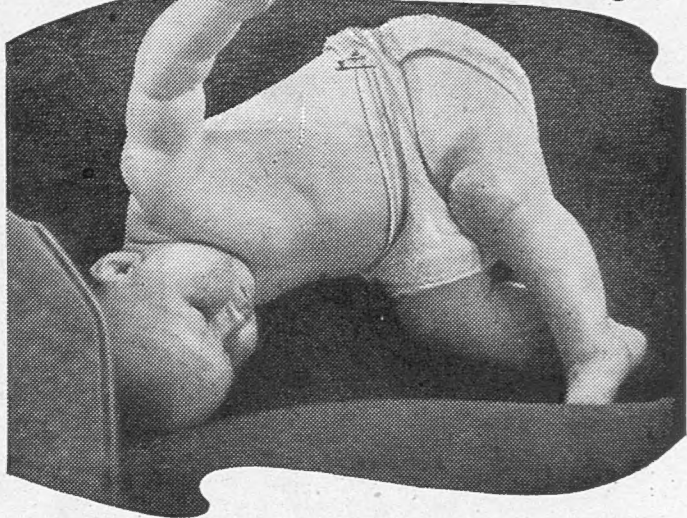
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W.X. 20

COMMANDO

in training?



He is on a tough job, at any rate. All babies are. So are their slightly older brothers and sisters. They are busy growing, laying the foundation of the men and women they are to be; and one of their greatest needs is vitamins.

If children are to grow up sturdy and happy, with healthy bodies, good strong bones, fine teeth and sound constitutions, they must have plenty of vitamins *now*. That is why the Government provides orange juice and cod liver oil—products particularly rich in the vitamins children need—for babies and for all children holding R.B.2 ration book. And not only for these children, but for expectant mothers also; for baby's life begins before he is born.

You want to give your little ones the best chance in life you can. The Government's vitamins scheme is a long step towards it; so for your babies' sakes, please join the scheme *at once*.

How you get your Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil

EXPECTANT MOTHERS.

If you are already getting milk under the National Scheme, you are reminded that your present National Milk Scheme authority expired on February 6th. To obtain benefit after that date you must take or send your ration book to your local Food Office. See that your authority for *priority* milk (form R.G.48) is attached to the ration book. You will receive coupon sheets for your orange juice and cod liver oil from the Food Office.

If you have not yet entered the National Milk Scheme and have not already given the Food Office a medical certificate in respect to *priority* eggs and milk, first get a medical certificate from your doctor, certified midwife or health visitor. Hand or send this with your ration book to the Food Office. You will then receive coupon sheets for your vitamin products and authorities to obtain seven pints of milk a week at 2d. a pint and *priority* supplies of eggs as well.

Please try to take the cod liver oil. It will give baby such a splendid start. And in any event please do accept the offer of orange juice. Diluted with at least 4 parts of water, you will find it a most refreshing addition to your diet.

CHILDREN HOLDING THE R.B.2 RATION BOOKS.

Your children's authorities and coupon sheets also expired on February 6th. In future they will receive seven pints of milk a week under the National Milk Scheme automatically, at 2d. a pint. For their milk no application of any sort is necessary. But you must apply at the Food Office for coupon sheets for orange juice and cod liver oil. Take the children's ration books with you. You can send the ration books if you cannot call.

WHERE YOU GET YOUR ORANGE JUICE AND COD LIVER OIL. Your Food Office will tell you your nearest distributing centre. At least one is sure to be reasonably near to you. You needn't go to the same centre each time.

WHAT YOU PAY. Expectant mothers and children, who, by reason of family income, etc., are entitled to *free* milk under the National Milk Scheme (the Food Office will give you particulars) will get their *vitamin products free* also. Otherwise the price is 10d. a bottle for the cod liver oil and 5d. a bottle for the orange juice. You "buy" these products with postage stamps—not cash—and they should be 5d. or 2½d. stamps, so get them from the Post Office beforehand. The stamps should be stuck on to the appropriate coupons in your ration books.

Ration books must be presented every time you apply for your vitamin supplies. Loose coupons cannot be accepted.

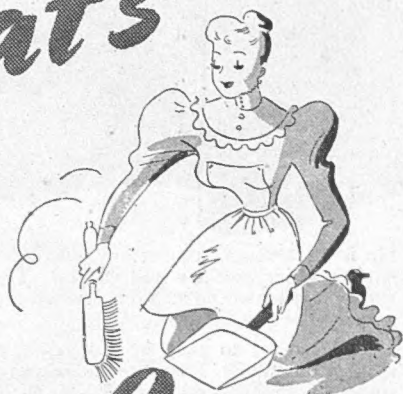


ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S56a)





What's



next?



Yesterday the besom . . .
the dustpan and brush,
today the electric cleaner
. . . and tomorrow?
Science progresses and
with peace will come
a range of G.E.C. quality
products incorporating
the results of never-
ending G.E.C. research.

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**Brings its freshness into
your home with PAROZONE**

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The urge to bring this joy of spring into the home as well, is tugging at the hearts of houseproud housewives.

Many renovations they would like to do are impossible under present conditions but the freshness of Spring can still be matched when Parozone assists in the Spring Cleaning. Your linens and cottons will be snow white, tiles will gleam, sinks and basins will be spotless, white woodwork immaculate, glass and china will sparkle to the touch of Parozone.

Remember, the cold water way with Parozone saves vital fuel for the factories' war-time effort.

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PRE-WAR QUALITY and PRE-WAR PRICE

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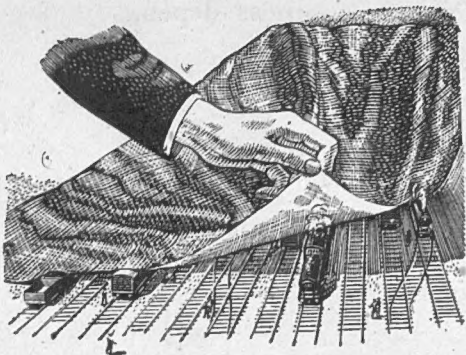
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*Lady's Jacket from
La Laine Leaflet
No. 2129 price 3d.,
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*...that lovely pre-war quality
we accepted so blithely and now
seek so eagerly.*

In difficulty write *Bairns-Wear Ltd., Dept. LL103, Nottingham.*
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Britannia & Eve for March, 1943



UNDER COVER

FACTS and figures about the war effort of British Railways are quite rightly kept "under cover." There is small wisdom in giving gratuitous information to an inquisitive enemy.

But known facts plus a little imagination reveal a story of enormous industry and resourceful organisation.

The railways, apart from the domestic transport needs of the country, are called upon to haul a gigantic amount of additional traffic.

Imports from overseas, and exports for war zones are conveyed by rail. Work-people in ever-growing thousands are carried to and from factories, both old and new. Troops coming and troops going are transported by rail.

In face of these extra burdens, in face of increased difficulties in operation and the trying conditions of blackout, is there any wonder that facilities for domestic passenger travel have had to be substantially curtailed?

BRITISH

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LNER • SR

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SAVE FUEL

Keep warm inside

with



*Unexcelled
since 1706
for Quality*



**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL'S**



*Lil loves the little
new-born calves
She wants to knit
them woolly scarves*

She fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston **MAKES** the biscuit

The Land Girl has to be out early and in late, and often she has little time for meals.

Biscuits stand her in good stead, as they do millions of others whose hours are long and full. The pure wheat from which they are made is a rich source of endurance and energy for all.

Food indeed for busy folk, biscuits require no preparation—there is nothing to clear away or wash up—and they are enjoyable without additions. They only ask to be eaten.

WESTON
Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE



"AIR SPUN" war packs

QUALITY, QUANTITY AND PRICE
UNCHANGED

THE square pack is the new COTY Refill Pack. Remember it. On the lucky days when you find some Air Spun, it will be in this new pack or in the now familiar round wartime pack. Watch for the famous powder puff design. Only in boxes of these kinds will you get the genuine Air Spun.

Air Spun wears its new battledress with pride. The new boxes save precious cardboard. They contain exactly the same amount of powder as before in the usual shades. The quality is unchanged. Remember: Air Spun remains the face powder that does not cause enlarged pores.

The outward appearance of your Air Spun may have changed. But its new simplicity is in harmony with the times. Woman faces sterner tasks. Much of the beauty of the outside world is gone. Yet woman in her intimate sphere must retain her loveliness; keeping alight the flame of gaiety; preserving the radiance of happy smiles in a tear-stained world. So it is with Air Spun.

Coty "AIR SPUN"
The Powder that Stays On

An officer's smartness depends
(In the ATS or the WAAF or the WRNS),
On shirts of 'Viyella'—or maybe 'Clydella'—
They give value for money she spends.

'Viyella' & 'Clydella'
Regd.
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DAY & NIGHT WEAR
VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

In 'Viyella'—from 20/-
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Collars extra.

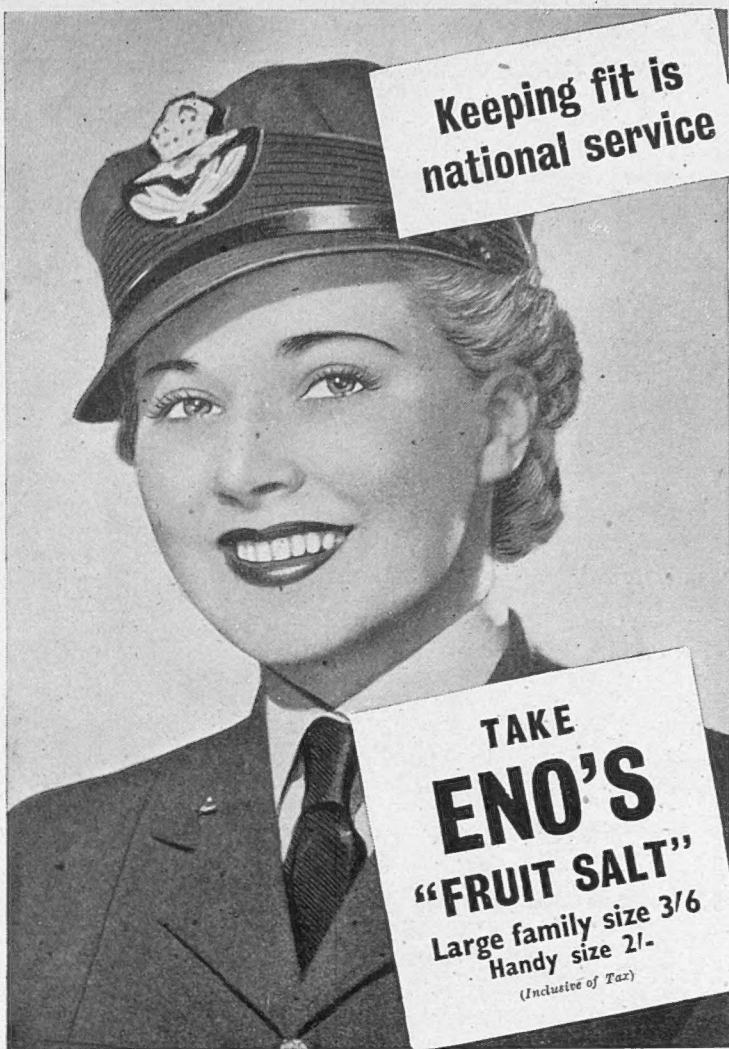
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Famous for Fine
Quality

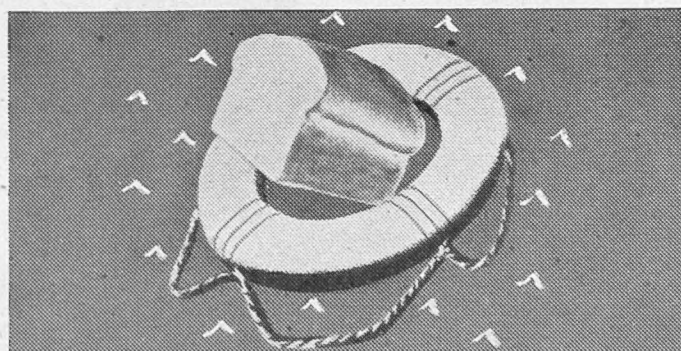


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**Keeping fit is
national service**

**TAKE
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"**
Large family size 3/6
Handy size 2/-
(Inclusive of Tax)



SAVE BREAD
and you save lives
SERVE
POTATOES
and you serve the country

Issued by the Ministry of Food

P.17

Vienna 1847

In the Vienna General Hospital in 1847, having a baby was as dangerous as having pneumonia. In the stifling maternity-wards mothers died in rows.

It had always been so. In other hospitals, no less. Though science had wrestled with the problem—still no one knew why the women died that way . . .

In that hospital there was a young doctor who would not shrug his shoulders—and accept. His mind was searching ceaselessly.

One fateful day a colleague died. A septic scalpel had pricked his arm while he was on a post-mortem. And from that death—came life.

Like lightning the inspiration flashed. Had not the young doctor himself so often gone from a post-mortem straight to attend to labouring mothers? With hands tainted . . . ?

From that moment onwards, before and after ministering to each patient—he soaked his hands in 'chlorine water,' known to us in its modern form as hypochlorite antiseptic. Breathlessly, he watched the result through the next days and weeks.

Those mothers lived! Next year—out of 3,356—only 45 failed to leave that hospital alive.

To-day, the modern, practical, stable and non-caustic brand of electrolytic sodium hypochlorite is—'Milton.'

'Milton' is playing a big part in this war—in keeping the nation free from illness and infection. And—what it can do in grave national emergencies it can do for you in your home. Use 'Milton' for cuts, burns, wounds, grazes, catarrh, and to keep all the intimate orifices of the body sweet, fresh and healthy.

It soothes. It heals. It saves. It is one of the greatest friends of Britain, who found it and makes it.

Milton Antiseptic Ltd., London, N.7



Since 1790...

In the days of the French Revolution, Schweppes Table Waters first became a household word and for 150 years their fame and distinction has become ever more widely known.

Now in the midst of a World Revolution it is the duty and desire of all to make sacrifices to assist towards Victory. Table Waters, as made by Schweppes, will therefore disappear from the market until final triumph is achieved. But then—as subjugated Nations will rise to resume their position in the world, so will these unequalled Table Waters return to their high standard of excellence.



By Appointment

Schweppes
Table Waters

*They're friendly
—they're smart
—they're
Hutton's*



In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at
Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and
most good Shoe Shops.



Von Egerdy saw them first and reached for his Winchester

MR. YOSHIWO NONAKA enjoyed very much indeed, as he would have told you, his two years' wool-buying in Australia. He would have told you also—had you found him in a state of hypnosis, but not otherwise—that portion of his General Staff course at the Japanese Staff College was not only in wool-buying but wool-classing; for, as General Hirohade Fukuda so often said, the Tenno required more than a superficial knowledge of things in which his officers would honourably interest themselves. Through his thick glasses Captain Yoshiwo Nonaka studied many things, among them English.

It was something of a trial to him in his first days in Australia to find that the accent he had grown used to in Tokyo, when some of the English Diplomatic Corps went to Geisha parties with him, was so different in that vast Commonwealth. He found himself often, as he went across Sydney Harbour to the house at Mosman he shared with Mr. Ito, Mr. Sato and Mr. Hasegawa, wondering how the subject-peoples-to-be in Australia would overcome their nasal tendencies once Japanese became compulsory. Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka was quite a popular little fellow in his own way. Japan for him existed in Australia only in the Mosman house with Mr. Ito, Mr. Sato and Mr. Hasegawa. It was only there—not ever at the Japanese Imperial Consulate-General—that the four friends, and fellow-workers for that matter, could meet in their kimonos and could prepare for themselves, from young, sometimes too young, Australian meat, their sukiyake. That was a pleasant meal, when few words were spoken, and when ceremonial bowings were welcomed to make certain to the four that they had not forgotten.

For Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka, work was pleasant. As an amateur photographer he very often gave some of his Australian friends snapshots he had taken, because he knew several young men in the wool-classing business who could take him out in their 18-footers or their launches. He was able on sunny days to sail out of the harbour entrance at Port Jackson, while Sydney City lay mistily miles inland and the harbour bridge showed on a skyline once you turned towards the Zoo shore and the Heads were behind you. With much smiling, pictures were then taken of the crew of the 18-footer: young Ray Ellison, Tom Fleming, Bert Winston. Sometimes they posed with funny faces, sometimes they fell into the water so that he could snap them with his speed-lens when

they fell. What they did not know was that behind them was always the fort at South Head, or the towering cliffs of North Head, where Australia's newest and heaviest coastal artillery had only then been placed.

They were splendid photographs. Each of them showed behind the young Australians the fuel tanks and their position on the shore, and indicated the trajectory required to demolish them.

Those were great days in the summer. Once the boys got back to the old boat-house, right at the end of Mosman Bay, they would be taken to the home of Mr. Nonaka, Mr. Ito, Mr. Sato and Mr. Hasegawa for some very good cocktails, which Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka mixed; and then, almost as

by some religious rite, Japanese Saki, warm and stimulating.

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka was finding his English improving and his Australian more than understandable. It was good enough by January 1939 for him to give a lecture to the Lizards Lunch Club. The Lizards were the wool-buyers—Germans, Swedes, English, French, Japanese—delighting in that English custom of

lunchtime speaking which has never left Australia. Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka's talk about the Inland Sea was voted one of the year's successes. After the applause which he gained (he would have blushed had a Japanese been able to blush), his bows became more and more deep, and more and more seemingly effortless.

The Japanese Consul-General, Mr. Wanaka, signified his great approval. That afternoon he sent for Mr. Nonaka, and what passed between them was never divulged. What had happened, as one can say now on the very best of authority, was that Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka had achieved his object; and a grateful Government wished him to take a full month's leave before returning to his firm of wool-buyers in Tokyo. The fact that Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka would return to a firm of slaughterers and not wool-buyers had nothing to do with the matter. The fact that his comfortable light woollen suits, always so well cut in Australia, would give place once again to his drab uniform and high, soft-leather boots, also to the outside world had nothing to do with the holiday he was about to take.

The next morning he began his holiday. "I feeling so lucky," said Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka, as he sat puffing his cigarette in Ray Ellison's office. "Understanding I getting holiday, but luckier too you getting one. No, this is too much."

Honourable Bone

A Token of Death given as a Gesture of Friendship

By Eric Baume

Ray grinned at him. "I think it's a bit of alright myself," he said. "I reckon that you're due for a holiday, Non. I've got to go to Alice Springs to get out on Bob Ring's Station. The old man is out towards the Lander River—that's next to Ken Stewart's place, you remember?"

"Oh, yes, I remember him," said Mr. Nonaka. "Interesting wool he coming from that place. I hearing always magnesium water by Lander River, also by Cockatoo Creek. Very good, very strong for horse. Oh, yes; very cavalry horse like you sending India. But perhaps not memorably good for sheep. Oh, yes, but you see."

Ray became more explanatory. "That's right," he said, "but they're doing pretty good wool up there nowadays. I didn't think the merinos would last the distance in that heat. But in any case, it's more of a holiday for me. I've got a pal who's opened a store at Tennants Creek. After the second gold rush they're pretty stabilised, so I'll see him and you can wander along."

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka was deeply grateful. "This being inexpressible holiday," he said, and bowed. "Honourable friendships consummated along journey means no man tires of other, in my country's proverb," he said. "We shall make much fun together. I shall bring little new colour cine-camera. Your sister will liking much new pictures I taking."

As a matter of fact, the Ellison family generally regarded Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka as not a bad bloke, which, being interpreted from Australian back to English, means a rather good fellow, not at all bad—in fact, inclined to be interesting. They liked him best when they asked him home to dinner, and they liked him next when they took him to the races at Randwick during the big meetings. When he backed Mosaic, the winner of the Sydney Cup, at 14 to 1, they didn't know he had a bookmaker's ticket for almost £100 in his hand until the race was over. For with his smile always on his lips, and his eyes, which were not at all the slant Japanese ones of the caricatures, radiating excellent good nature, he was a happy little man who sometimes got lonely. They were not to know that the picture of the kimonoed Japanese girl with her hair done high was not that of any wife, but merely one of the stock photographs issued by the General Staff to those of their servants working from Mazatlan in Mexico to Athabasca Landing in Northern Canada. The Japanese Imperial General Staff, it was always proud to say in its lectures, while sentries barred the doors, did not forget anything which was humanly possible. The Emperor enabled them not to forget anything which was divinely possible.

It took several days and several nights to reach Central Australia. Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka brought along with him several books on the subject. He affected some emotion over Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's *We of the Never Never*. He had long conversations, in the comfortable broad-gauge carriage from Melbourne to Adelaide, on the subject of the names of the aborigines in that simple, historically elegant and eloquent book. "Goggle-Eye," the old native king who worked as Mrs. Gunn's gardener, sent him into very open laughter. His lips would tremble and then he would laugh and laugh, until Ray looked up from his own book with "Don't tell me it's got you again, Non."

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka would say between his convulsions of laughter. "That name very funny sounding, calling man 'Goggle-Eye,' making me so happy, I do not know why, but very happy."

They had a good rubber of bridge that night before getting to Adelaide. The third was so nondescript as to be forgotten. The fourth was Bob Buck, one of those almost legendary Northern Territory characters who have built up much of the tradition of the Australian desert, or, as it is better known except in Australia, "the Never Never."

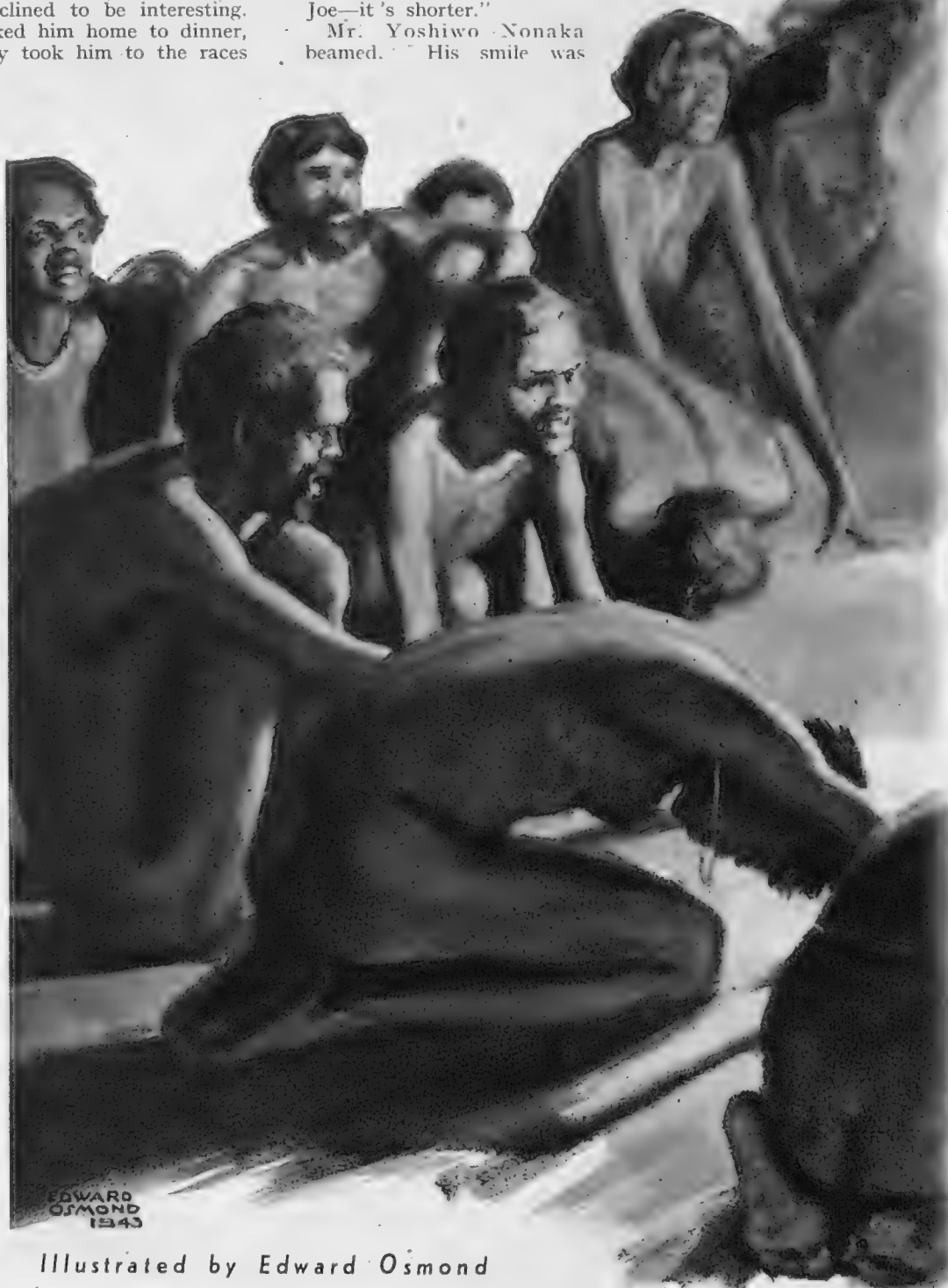
With friendly noise Bob Buck wrung the shapely, saffron-coloured hand of Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka until Mr. Nonaka winced, but very nobly and wisely refrained from exercising one of the more intricate holds of ju-jutsu in order to break the grip.

"If yer get a chance, Mr. Nonaka, come out and see me at Blasted Reach. It's a pretty tough out-station, but we'll look after yer. And any case, I don't like this Mister business." This custom of the really out-back Australian sheep or cattle man is probably unique in any part of the world except the early Wyomings and Dakotas. "What's yer first name, anyway?" Mr. Nonaka, visibly embarrassed, looked at Ray. Ray nodded.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka. "My name calling Yoshiwo—Yoshiwo Nonaka. The Japanese method and plan arranging back to-frontwards, so in Japan, yes, I being named Nonaka Yoshiwo, as in Australia I being named Yoshiwo Nonaka. You see?"

Bob roared his great sheep-man's laugh. "Yeh, I see," he said. "So I'll call you Joe—it's shorter."

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka beamed. His smile was



Illustrated by Edward Osmond

ample enough to give signs of splitting his very cheeks. "This being great honourable occasion. I calling Joe. Oh, yes, that good name Joe. Great Japanese man plenty Joe—Tojo."

And Joe he was and Joe he remained, and as Joe the Northern Territory was to know him on his holiday.

It may have been 120° in the shade as the old "Afghan" train pulled out from Port Augusta on its thousand-mile journey to the Macdonnell Ranges, behind which, on the banks of the Todd River, was Alice Springs, administrative part of one of the great desert areas in the world. Mr. Nonaka was most impressed by the comfortable sleeping-car which even a 3 ft. 6 gauge line could produce. He found the half-diner attached to the few sleeping compartments a source of great

interesting material for the Australian Federal Investigation Bureau in Sydney and Canberra. He looked out by Herrgott Springs towards the invisible Lake Eyre, and marvelled that there was such desert in the whole world. Little pictures of his own cherry-trees and the snow on top of a mountain—not the postcard confection of Fujiyama but the strength of the cone backed by a sky less merciless—passed across his eyes. He looked along the unfenced desert by the railway track, where drifting sand had billowed and raised itself until it was to engulf station homesteads, pastures which might have grown when the rains came, camels and men alike so that the skeletons were often found years later, after the water, the other element, had disclosed the ravages of her sister,



The song stopped. Pettamedjee came from the centre and handed Mr. Nonaka quickly a white object

interest. His camera was seldom quiet. He even roped Ben, the steward-guard-conductor-mentor-ruler of the train, into having a picture taken.

Ray Ellison, knowing desert journeys, slept, walked up ahead to the second-class car to play solo whist with Italian mica-miners, Australian gold-miners, Afghan and Punjabi camel-men, and German wolfram fossickers.

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka, stripped to a pair of shorts and a singlet—quite permissible on the North Australian railways—watched the landscape. His thoughts could not have been transcribed. They would have provided

the sun. He saw the mirages. He saw whole mountain ranges lifted high in the sky, with blue sky under them. He saw lakes so vast it was almost impossible not to insist that they were lakes. He saw the country change from brown desolation to red desolation. He saw the dusty sand and the round gibber stones past Algebuckina, the red, thick sand which, though it had been cleared in expectation of the train two days previous, was again on the railway tracks, and the engine was bucking like a bronco.

He sweated until he could sweat no more, and only more of Ben's lager—until it all ran out—could induce his heat-besotted glands to clear him of more of Nature's poisons. He saw his first skeleton—only a bullock. Ray told him then, "You'll see those further north, even down to the very wells the Government put up so long ago. I've seen them out past the Alice at Anthony's Well, bleached, bloody corpses, as they

had half-climbed into the trough, only to find, although their cattle instinct had led them right, that water was thirty feet under."

And Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka remarked to himself, still with his eyes and his mouth unchanging: "Is this, then, worth while? For what reason does Australia present to us a source of value?" And then he thought of the Riverina, and of New South Wales and Queensland, and of the wealth in wool and in sugar and in wheat in the zones, both tropical and temperate, but also of places in which man could live, and rain fell with the regularity that spells life and not a parched, tormented death.

For two days and two nights that trip went on. For the first time Mr. Nonaka saw great river-beds, named rivers on the map. He saw how lorries had had to cross the Finke, using corduroy for a mile and a half. Simultaneously he saw where rarest and unprecedented floods had smashed away railway bridges in series, because Nature has never liked intrusion, whether her secret domain be Death Valley or the Australian desert.

And then he came into Alice Springs, and Ray took him off the train and he was able to see, before the old Utility truck took him to Joe Kilgariff's pub, the great Massif of the Macdonnell Ranges, in the watershed of which he could have sworn was all fertility, but even then he was wrong.

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka enjoyed his stay. When he was alone he felt better because he had grown almost to like Ray Ellison. But Ray was far out on the station. Bob Buck's Utility had taken him to Brebner's Soak, 150 miles out, from which camels would take him the rest of the 300 miles to the station.

Joe Kilgariff, the proprietor of the Stewart Arms, welcomed Mr. Nonaka. He introduced him to Black Paddy Ryan, to old Joe Atherton, the prospector, who found the Mulga Mine and had an aeroplane in his backyard which was never flown, but which was the only memory of the money he had once made. He met Constable Tony Lynch of the Commonwealth Mounted Police, just before Tony went on patrol. He watched the aboriginal prisoners hauling firewood carts through the streets, chained together, guarded by a bearded old gentleman with a shotgun who brought up the rear of the silent cavalcade. He went to Father O'Byrne's church, the only one in the district, for other denominations used to borrow the Presbyterian Mission Hospital if and when they had a service.

He marvelled at the distances and at the number of men who would be escorted out of the Stewart Arms, punched into insensibility, picked up and brought back for a drink again once honour had been satisfied.

He took few photographs at this stage. He really felt it was a holiday. He certainly took a picture of the post-office, and had the postmaster posing for him, in a red singlet and a pair of dirty white pants and sand-shoes. He had to take the Administration Building; after all, as a compliment to the Administrator, Hargreaves. Hargreaves was quite pleased because Alice, his little daughter, came out deliciously in the photograph, and Mr. Nonaka, as his wife said, was a very nice fourth at bridge. The wife of the Chief of Police thought so too. She thought his calling was excellent, and she, as the town's social leader, apart from the Administrator, ought to have known. He took a picture of the storage tanks for petrol, and of the emergency water-supply. That also was excellent, because the man in charge of them was very fond of his horse Nelly, and Nelly was photographed with the tanks.

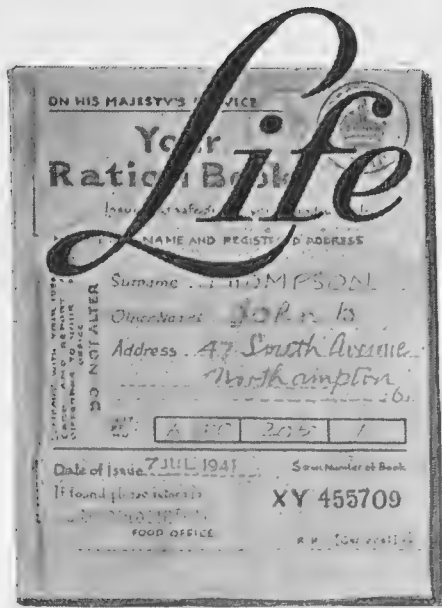
WITHIN a week Mr. Nonaka was wandering off with Fritz von Egerdy, who had come from Germany to escape the Hitler oppression. He had managed to get two trucks and was doing a carrying business 400 miles to the north of Tennants Creek, calling midway at the Barrow. What passed between von Egerdy and Mr. Nonaka few people will ever know, for Fritz von Egerdy to-day is no more; nor are three so-called Lutheran missionaries who moved to New Guinea some time before the outbreak of the war.

It seemed, however, that there was some question of where the Government planned a new road. Mr. Nonaka took photographs; and, with astonishingly small instruments and an incredible theodolite, took bearings and surveyed certain areas, checking as to distances from unnamed points. What time Mr. von Egerdy was not engaged in holding the line.

One night, when Mr. Nonaka and von Egerdy were camped about thirty miles from Barrow Creek, thirty blacks came up from the Western Desert. This was not a frequent occurrence, for most of the aborigines between Alice Springs and the Tennant had been house-broken. (Continued on page 54)

His first thought was that the 'plane had not caught on fire. He was hanging head downwards and his head hurt . . .





Life is not Rationed

By Negley Farson

"Waiting for a solution which never comes is not living."
(Tolstoy)

MAN cannot live by bread alone. That's a fact. Yet everything I have read lately about the shape of the post-war world—books, articles, newspaper leaders—deals with the future as if its civilisation was to be merely a by-product of economic progress. "Expansionist trade"—bigger exports, bigger imports of raw materials, more mechanised agriculture. U.S.A. loans, to finance Anglo-American development of the more "backward" countries. I do not think this is what the men and women in uniform of England and the United States are fighting for. Or what the hundreds of thousands in Civil Defence are thinking about. I think they want something far more satisfying than that.

You may call it a "spiritual" lead, or whatever you like; but something is missing in all these materialistic plans for the future. As an example, when the American magazine *Fortune* took a poll of high school opinion in the United States the other day, asking these "ten million heirs to the post-war world" what things they were most willing, or least willing, to give up—they received the astonishing answer (astonishing to some people) that by far the largest consensus of agreement on any one point was—59.8 per cent of these young Americans who declared that the thing they would be *most willing* to forgo was the right to make over \$3,000 (£600) a year. I believe if the same survey was made in this country that it would get the same (surprising to some people) reply.

Contrary to conventional opinion, Youth does not have the money urge. That is something which is forced upon us by our elders—disillusioned, or made mercenary by the morality of the Big Business Age. Primarily, what Youth wants is an interesting life. The pursuit of money is not really interesting. It is something that the majority of people have to do, when you come down to it, in plain self-defence. You have to earn your daily bread. But the original ambition of nearly all normal beings is for a satisfactory, well-filled life.

So much for that. I know that Britain must maintain a large volume of trade, to have the national income sufficient to implement even the social security envisaged in the Beveridge Report. Also, with the overhead of machinery with which we shall emerge from this war—I know that these machines will demand to be put to work. There is something inexorable about machinery. The mere presence of it exercises, in its impartial but omnipotent way, almost a slave-owner's sway over the people who possess it. It was not such a long time back that many thinkers in the United States were getting agitated by the question: Shall we serve the machines, or can we make the machines serve us? The bolder among them even went so far as to suggest scrapping large amounts of machinery. This was sacrilege. MONEY—another impartial but inexorable force—at once spoke up. "You can't do that!" it said. "WE must be served!"

Accepting this as one of those incontestable, and unavoidable, facts, the only answer is to develop a civilisation, or rather a culture, which is psychologically "on top of the machine." When I saw, in 1929, that the children of Astrakhan were being given toy factories and toy workmen, instead of toy

soldiers, to play with; and that the Russians were even putting harvesting machinery (tractors, etc.) in the national place of honour on their postage stamps, I asked them if they were not willingly making an idol of the very thing which we had become afraid of in the United States.

Their answer was interesting: "No, we are not like you Americans. Between the time you invented mass-production and the present day you have not developed a culture as to how to regard the machine. Machinery itself has always been ahead of you. The wealthier a man gets in your country, the less time he has for himself to enjoy the cultural things of civilised life; he is the servant of his own possessions—what he owns, owns him—but we are different. We can profit by your mistakes. We won't let our machinery run us."

Yet, it is a significant thing to point out, the Russians so over-mechanised some of their State farms—such as the vast "Gigant"—that life, both live stock and human, was dangerously disappearing from the land. The Russians reversed their process; they tried to put life

(Continued on p. 51)

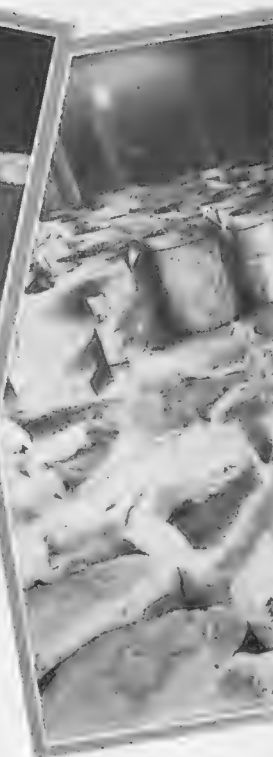
Decoration
by
J. Nicolson



CHEMICALS and dyes being added to paper pulp. Within five hours this pulp will become new card ready for making into munitions



SCRAP metal from old cars being baled in the hydraulic press before going to the blast furnaces



GIRLS now take the place of men in driving the trolleys. A huge reel of paper ready to be used for munitions

The Mighty Mills

Salvage has now become one of the Chief Sources of Raw Materials for the War Industries

By Walter Shepherd

"Everything comes in useful like," said the salvage man.

"But really, now," began Mrs. Pines in earnest. "That odd bone there—surely it can't really make any difference? I would like to know what happens to the little things I put out for salvage. The metal top off my milk bottle, for instance—what really happens to it? Do they paint it mauve and then use it again, or what? And how can that little bit of string help in the war?"

The salvage man was not sure of the details, but he knew that one bone from every house in the street was 500 bones, because the houses were numbered, and he knew that 500 bones weighed half a hundredweight, because he had a sack of a certain size which had to be weighed. He couldn't stop to explain any more, because "The Pines" was only No. 7, but one day he might find time to tell the whole story.

Maybe this article will save him the trouble. It is certainly an astonishing story, the story of salvage—a story full of scientific marvels and incredible transformations. Salvage has now become one of our chief sources of raw materials for the war industries, and the collections from the households of Britain alone go at the rate of 3,000 tons per day to the

paper, metal and rubber mills—the mighty mills that feed the war factories.

Mrs. Pines, of course, knows that her week's supply of newspapers goes somewhere to be repulped, and she has probably guessed that at some time or other they are picked over for "contraries." Contraries are the useless or damaging objects sometimes mixed with waste paper, and include almost anything from broken bottles to dead cats. She is far too careful to let such objects get into her paper salvage, though what happens to it after the sorting, remains, for her, an unsolved mystery.

The fact is, Mrs. Pines's six weekly newspapers are thrown into a stream of hot water which swirls them away to a machine called a breaker-beater. Here, they are shredded by revolving knives till they become a coarse, brown pulp with a consistency like that of porridge. The pulp then passes on to the sandtrap channels, where dirt and grit are deposited, and on its way any pieces of string, rag, corks or other floating objects are removed by a set of curved hooks.

It travels on once more, like a muddy river, to the secondary beater, which makes it fine enough for chemicals and dyes to be added, and the finishing touches are accomplished by the refiner. In this machine, high-speed knives tear the pulp into a mass of hair-like fibres, which are

THE people who lived at "The Pines" before the blitz came back last week, and, according to the salvage man, they had a good spring clean before settling down again. They had put out a quite exceptional pile of newspapers, and there was a broken tin trunk full of scrap metal which he had somehow had to get on to his cart. There was a cardboard box of rubber scraps, and a bundle of rags tied by a stray piece of string to a triangle of old carpet. Standing beside all this, said the salvage man, was a single small meat bone in a tin hopefully labelled "BONES," and when he arrived Mrs. "Pines" herself was contemplating the bucket of food scraps with an air of almost comical bewilderment.

"Doin' things on a big scale," remarked the salvage man genially.

"Just for once," responded Mrs. Pines. "Next week there won't be so much. Nothing worth putting out, really."



KITCHEN waste is made into "pudding" for pigs and poultry. The finished "puddings" being packed into sacks for dispatch to the farms



BUILDING up thick sheets of reclaimed rubber from thin ones. These will eventually become new tyres for landing wheels of aircraft and wheels of mobile guns



SCRAP rubber being fed into the cracker to be broken up before going to be plasticised



(Left) **AFTER** "de-greasing" and polishing, the bones are carefully picked over for extraneous material

of War

then diluted by one part fibre to 200 parts of water.

This finishes the "breaking down," and "building up" begins as a revolving drum of wire net lifts the fibres out of the vat and presses them on to an endless belt of blanket. They are immediately covered by another blanket, and go off to be rolled in the form of a sandwich.

The rolling squeezes the water from the fibres, and they become matted so as to be capable of forming a belt by themselves. When this stage is reached, the blankets return to their endless journey, and the belt of fibres travels alone between tiers of steam-heated rollers, which dry it and press it into new paper or board. In a modern paper mill a single machine will turn out paper or card from salvaged raw material at 300 or 400 feet per minute.

This paper is being made into parts of shells, bombs, mines and other munitions as fast as it is supplied. Some of the thin card is fed into a machine which stamps out 250,000 little discs per hour, each of which becomes the "wad" between the bullet and the cordite in a rifle cartridge. It takes one of Mrs. Pines's newspapers to make a dust cover for an aero engine, and four pounds of waste paper to make a container for a six-pounder anti-tank shell—the shell which blew Rommel out of Egypt.

Mrs. Pines's collection of scrap metal receives a lot of attention before it reaches the rolling mills. On arrival at the metal sorters it is run beneath a powerful electro-magnet, and at one swoop all the iron and steel fly from it with a clang. The non-ferrous metals—the copper, brass, bronze, zinc, tin, lead and aluminium—remain behind, for they are not affected by a magnet.

The iron and steel go off to the blast furnaces, to be mixed with iron and man-

ganese ore, limestone and coke. A blast furnace is a huge brick tower, something like a very fat factory chimney, and may hold as much as eighty tons of material at a time. Mrs. Pines's tin trunk, her leaky kettle and old iron brackets are tipped in at the top, where they speedily melt in a temperature of 1,600 degrees centigrade, which is about sixteen times as hot as boiling water.

TEN hours later a monstrous "ladle," lined with fire-brick, comes swinging along on a travelling crane, and the blast furnace is "tapped." The ladle is rapidly filled with about ninety tons of molten steel, which it carries off to the moulds. The steel cools in the moulds into seven-ton ingots, which are then taken to the rolling mills.

Here, they are re-heated to white heat and rolled into slabs about twenty feet long and eight inches thick, in a cogging machine. These slabs are again heated and rolled till a flat sheet of steel of any required thickness is produced. Rods, angle iron, girders and strips are made to standard sizes by a similar method, and these form the stocks which feed the shipyards and tank factories.

The rest of Mrs. Pines's scrap metal—an assortment of non-ferrous bric-a-brac and household fittings—is treated in more or less the same way, but first it has to

be sorted by experts into the different grades of brass, bronze, aluminium alloys, and so on. But the milk-bottle tops she was so anxious about should have been returned to the milkman, because they are made of special alloys which are sorted at the dairy headquarters according to a private colour code. They are never used again for capping milk bottles.

Her old tin kettle has already become a hand grenade, and her broken brass candlesticks are now a two-pounder cartridge case. She actually put out more than enough scrap metal to make an entire 3.7-inch A.A. shell, with its fuse and large cartridge case, and the next time a raider is shot down locally she may be pardoned for picturing it as destroyed by a smashing blow from her old tin trunk.

It will not be long before that odd-looking bundle of Mrs. Pines's old rags, string and carpet will also be doing quite a number of jobs for the armed forces. They will be picked over at the rag sorters by experts who know a scrap of linen from a scrap of cotton by the feel, and who separate jute from sisal, and hemp from manila, as quickly as Mrs. Pines herself can tell wool from silk.

Her good-quality cotton rags may be cleaned and used again as they are—for engine wipers. The bits which are too small will go with scraps of linen and jute to the paper mills. (Continued on page 62)

Expanding World...

Post War Projects and Plans for Industry

"£27,000,000,000 is America's war bill for 1943-44. . . . Freedom from want for everybody everywhere is no longer a Utopian dream. . . . All Britain's soil except ten per cent will be food-producing in some way in 1943. . . . This great industrial organisation is producing a ten-ton car load of war materials every twelve minutes of a twenty-four-hour day. . . . A United Nations' parliament to run airways and seaways. . . . A pre-fabricated ocean-going ship assembled and launched in eighty-two hours. . . . An 8,000-mile-range bomber to carry twenty tons. . . . A flying boat to carry 150 fully-armed men."

THE news yells unendingly of all-time record figures, unprecedented production feats, flying machines re-tracing in the sky the tremendous pattern of land and seaways, projects and plans escaping nations and empires and embracing the whole human family.

The global war, mankind's first, feeds this giant-growth serum into the world's veins. The world is "going big."

At least, that is how I put it when I was talking about these things to a construction man passing through London on his way back to California.

He had been in Africa, helping to carve the 4,300-mile-long airway linking West Africa to the Red Sea. He checked my focus. The world, he insisted, is not going big. It was stunted, and now the normal growth forces re-assert themselves.

For decades, technological advances have been generating world growth forces; but for a quarter century political man's follies, passions, stupidities and jealousies have been bottling these up, like explosive gases in a cylinder. The cylinder had to burst sometime and somehow; and the Nazis jetted in the extra blast which took the pressure beyond breaking limit.

"What we see now," said the construction man, "is half a century of dammed-up growth short-circuited into a few explosive years."

Probably the men around Roosevelt mean the same thing when they say the global war, and the open and camouflaged flock of national class civil wars, are symptomatic of a world-wide struggle to make the mass-production system of economy work. The global war is the fever crisis. But it's not a question of the world patient living or dying.

For the Axis men, with their boundless aims and aspirations, are fighting to make the world go big their way; and the Allies have been forced to go big

*Decoration by
Jack Matthew*

merely to stop them. An Allied win will give us a bigger world with growth glands functioning healthily again. An Axis win would produce a world monster with a pin-point head and the mad growth of cancer in its poisoned cells. Either way, there's no going back to the dwarf world which looked so big to us, in its time, and was so suddenly and astonishingly blown up.

An up-to-date world communications map gives one a good bird's-eye view of the expanding globe. Everywhere, new communications, air, land, sea, telecommunication, are spreading fast to extend existing networks, replace sky or surface paths by wider highways, or blaze trails where before there was not even a goat track. Here is the fabulous Alaskan Highway, first stage of the trans-continental road linking the icy northlands to sweltering Panama by way of California, Mexico, Costa Rica and Honduras. A wide new road reaches out from Algiers on the 5,000-mile trip to the Congo, and a 2,000-mile railway creeps across the Sahara towards Dakar, the great port of to-morrow on the Africa-South America run.

Tens of thousands of men, and batteries of heavy construction machines, are completing a road and rail system which will soon allow armies to traverse in ten days Asiatic stretches which Alexander's armies took ten years to cover. Above the Arctic Circle 100 Russian Polar weather and radio stations, and Commissar Otto Schmidt's fleet of armoured ice-breakers, keep

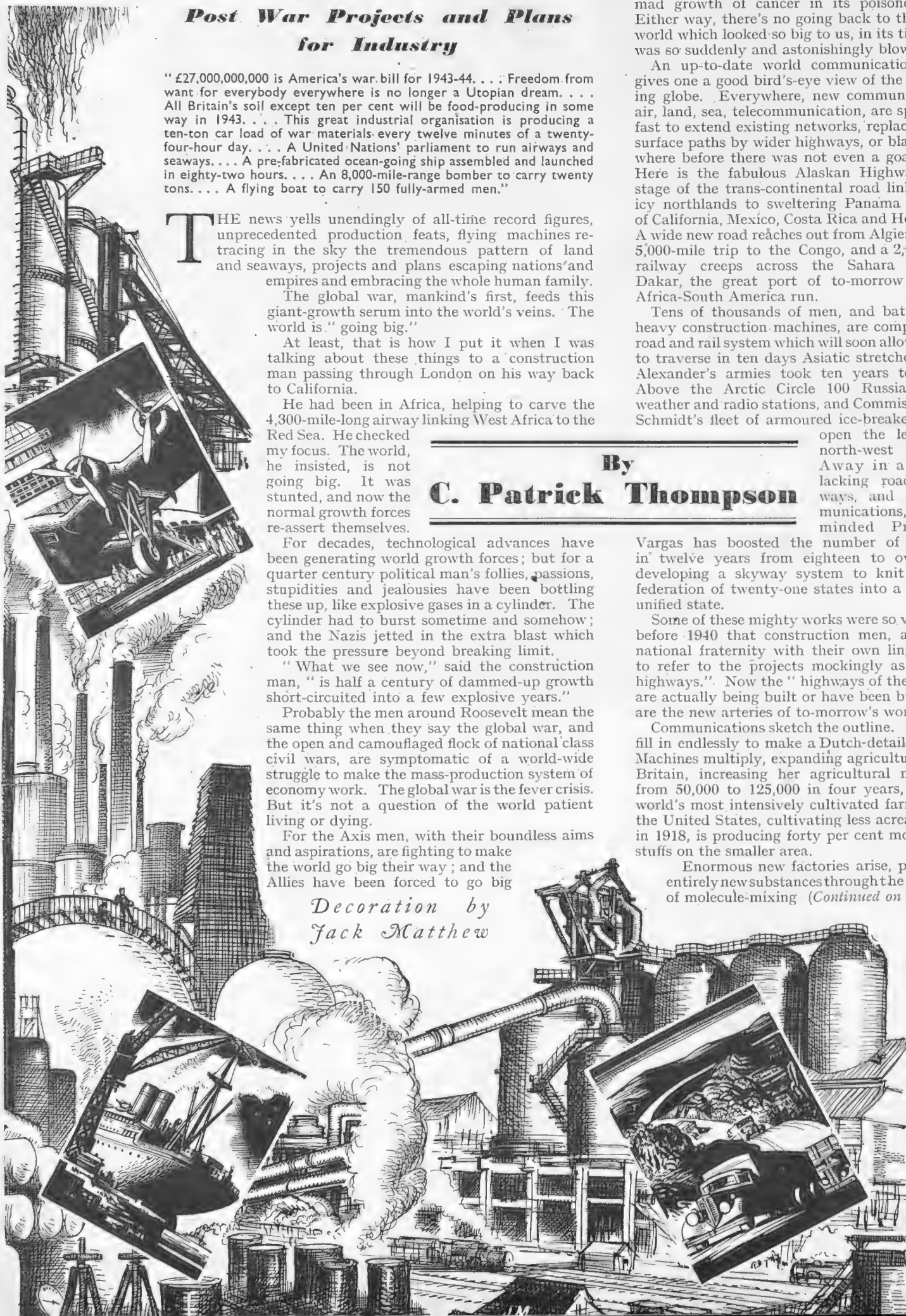
open the legendary north-west passage. Away in a Brazil lacking roads, railways, and telecommunications, the air-minded President

Vargas has boosted the number of airfields in twelve years from eighteen to over 900, developing a skyway system to knit a loose federation of twenty-one states into a strongly unified state.

Some of these mighty works were so visionary before 1940 that construction men, an international fraternity with their own lingo, used to refer to the projects mockingly as "moon highways." Now the "highways of the moon" are actually being built or have been built, and are the new arteries of to-morrow's world.

Communications sketch the outline. You can fill in endlessly to make a Dutch-detail picture. Machines multiply, expanding agriculture, until Britain, increasing her agricultural machines from 50,000 to 125,000 in four years, has the world's most intensively cultivated farm, while the United States, cultivating less acreage than in 1918, is producing forty per cent more food-stuffs on the smaller area.

Enormous new factories arise, providing entirely new substances through the alchemy of molecule-mixing (Continued on page 64)





ANNA carried the rifle and pack of a man who was wounded and sang songs with the others on the march

This Is Victory

A Tribute to the Valiant Greeks

WE were drinking beer in a harbour-side café in Alexandria. Outside the sun beat down on an endless vista of dusty palms and white-hot concrete, but beyond the concrete was a long, low, blue line of sea, and over the burnished tops of the palms, and the red lateen sails of the sprinkling of Arab shipping in the port, we could see the clean, white, gull-like lines of a sea-plane humming steadily in the thin hot air.

Inside the café it was hardly less sultry, but the fans made a whirring sound that simulated the coolness of a bird's wing over northern seas, and the gloom was pleasant. There was an orchestra of Syrians and Armenians, reinforced by a stolid Negro drummer from the Sudan, and at the tables in the café sat representatives of all the races of the Mediterranean, stout Egyptians in white tussore suits, Turks and Italians, the refugee Greeks and Jugoslavs from the Balkans, Syrian

By
George Slocombe

businessmen and rich Arab landowners from the Delta, and a few reticent, absorbed, Vichy French.

Among the uniforms you could identify the belligerents of half the world—British soldiers and sailors, British and American airmen, Foreign Legionaries who had left Vichy for General de Gaulle, Poles who had fought at Tobruk, other Poles who had come to the Middle East from prison camps in Russia, Australians and New Zealanders, South Africans fresh from the mountain war in Eritrea and Keren. Most of the fighting men drank together in parties of three or four. Some sat alone, moodily, or just quietly contemplative. These were the legitimate game of the girls who sat about the place.

The girls were as varied as the men, in race, speech, dress and mood. Most of them spoke French. All of them spoke a few words of English. There were many handsome Egyptian women among them, wearing frocks copied from Paris models, some of them even wearing original Paris frocks, for even in the disaster that had come upon France the Parisian dress-makers were still exporting models to the neutral countries of the Levant. And Egypt, officially, is neutral. There were English girls, girls from Algiers and Marseille, Russian girls from Istanbul, and Italian girls from Naples. There were also, to the certain knowledge of the security officers, a number of German-born girls masquerading as Italians or Hungarians or French, and among them, for all I know, may have been the charming cabaret girl at the naval bar in Brest who raised her glass of champagne on the night the Germans entered the town, and

dropping for the first time her perfect French accent, cried "Heil Hitler!"

My companion was a convalescent British sailor from No. 2 Hospital in Alexandria. His name was Paul. He was only a wartime sailor. When I met him first in Paris, he was the anæmic, good-for-nothing, cast-off son of a Yorkshire woollen manufacturer. Paul had grown a thin crop of straw-coloured hair on his bony chin and was sharing a studio with another would-be painter. He got drunk very easily and became quarrelsome. He was a pacifist and boasted of being an intellectual. When he was drunk he would tell with a sort of angry relish of his last scene with his coarse, semi-literate, self-made father in Bradford. The old man had scrawled a cheque for fifty pounds and had thrown it at him with a snarl. "Now get tha bloody face out of here and never darken my door again!" he had said. And Paul had promised that he never would.

During the years since I had last seen him Paul had drunk his way through the bohemian resorts of Europe, until at last, when the war threatened, he had found himself in Bloomsbury. He was still a pacifist, and kept his beard. But he compromised with his conscience by becoming an air raid warden. After the first bombing of London he went into the Navy as an ordinary seaman. He had been on a destroyer torpedoed off Crete, had, to his own surprise, done one or two gallant things, and had been decorated. Now he was recovering from serious burns and nursing in the pocket of his hospital blues a letter from the old man in Bradford which said in effect: "Tha'rt all reet at bottom, lad, but I never thought they'd make a bloody hero of thee."

PAUL was now as quiet and modest as he had once been self-assertive and loquacious. He sat drinking his bottled beer and looking out happily over the wide street to the harbour full of thin masts and grey smokestacks, and in his face was the content he had sought and never found in his drunken bohemian days. His youthful arrogance had gone and with it his bony ugliness. He was now clean-shaven and quite good looking and more than one girl looked at him appraisingly as she came into the café. At a table near the door, in the company of three young British and American fighter pilots, sat a pretty girl with gleaming blonde hair who turned a searching glance on every new arrival. Once, as she looked over her shoulder, her eyes lighted on my friend, and she smiled and called out gaily:

"Hullo, Paul darling."

Paul smiled across at her.

"Hullo, Anna," he said.

"Who's the girl?" I asked.

"Oh, I only know her as Anna. She's a Greek." His voice sounded flat and non-committal.

"What, with that hair?" I commented cynically. "I never knew a blonde Greek."

"Anna's a Greek all right," he said. "A Greek from Crete. And she is a natural blonde. We had bets on it in Athens."

"And Anna won?"

Paul nodded. We had two more bottles of beer. Then he said:

"You should have seen her in Athens. The gayest little thing. All the boys in Maxim's knew her and flirted with her. I did myself. But she only fell for one man. He was an Australian fighter pilot called Jimmy. Athens was full of Germans

in those days. That was when they still pretended to be neutral. They came into Maxim's and sat around listening to the conversation. There was plenty of it to listen to. And besides the Jerries there were all kinds of Fifth Column men drinking with our boys and trying to get information out of them when they'd had too much whisky. Anna used to sit at the bar with her innocent blue eyes darting from one table to another. Then she would slip down from her stool, edge up to one of our chaps, and say quietly in her funny little accent: 'I think you boys ought to go now. Or if you don't go, watch your step!'

"Every time Jimmy came into Maxim's Anna left the party she happened to be with and sat drinking whisky with Jimmy. She was crazy about him, and the other chaps used to tease him about her. Jimmy didn't mind. He was very fond of Anna. Then one day the Germans marched into Greece; and Jimmy was too busy flying one of our old crates over those ice-covered Greek mountains to have any time for Anna. The news got worse. One Greek army was surrounded. The other was

major to call the company to attention, then he stood on a wall and addressed them. 'We shall march from here to Argos in the Peloponnese,' he said. 'We will probably be bombed on the way. We will carry our wounded, and leave our dead. Sergeant-major, carry on!'

"They carried on, and Anna with them. Anna carried the rifle and pack of a man who was wounded, and sang songs with the others on the march. They covered the hundred miles to Argos in four days, and then found a fishing boat that took them to Crete.

"On the destroyer from Crete to Alex.



Illus

outnumbered. Our ships were bombed out of the Piræus and had to fall back on Crete. That was where I next saw Anna."

Paul drank his beer slowly and looked out at the sunlit street. Then he went on: "She was with a bunch of our chaps that we were ferrying from Crete to Alexandria. They all looked pretty worn out, and Anna was crying. She was

crying, she told me, because they would not let her stay in Crete, where she was born. The Jerries were looking for her everywhere. The men who got her away from Athens told me the story. When the Germans were just outside the city and likely to enter any minute a one-eyed British major rounded up the sixty or seventy men of all ranks left in the place. He also rounded up Anna, at the urgent request of the Greek government. The major was grand. He told a sergeant-

I asked Anna if she had seen Jimmy lately. She looked at me squarely in the eye and said: 'Jimmy is too busy flying.' Afterwards the one-eyed major told me that Jimmy had gone out on patrol and had been missing since the day before they left Athens. Anna knew this, but she would not believe that Jimmy was dead. When I found her crying on the destroyer she said to me: 'Paul, I am not crying for Jimmy. I am crying because I have to leave Crete.'

"We landed her in Alexandria and returned to Crete, and for the next few days we were too busy dodging Stukas to think of Anna. Then we were bombed and sunk and when I woke up I was in No. 2 Hospital here in Alex., and there was Anna standing at the foot of my bed with a large bunch of flowers and a bottle of whisky.

"I was covered with bandages, and Anna told me I had been badly burned but would get better and she would come to see me every day. Before she went away she said very quietly: 'Paul, by any chance did you see Jimmy in Crete before you left?' And I had to look at her in the eyes and say: 'No, Anna, I am sorry but I didn't see Jimmy.'

"After that I saw a lot of Anna. She came to the hospital pretty often, and she brought flowers for other boys in the ward. Some of them had to have blood transfusions and when blood plasma ran out Anna offered her own blood. I have seen miracles in that hospital. They performed extraordinary operations and saved lives that everybody had given up for lost. They showed a lot more imagination and sympathy than you expect to find in a military hospital, and some pretty unusual things happened there. When one of our ships was bombed and set on fire in harbour a lot of women refugees from the Balkans were on board, with their children. Some of the mothers saw their children burnt to death under their eyes and were powerless to save

them, and for some weeks after that the hospital was full of burnt or shell-shock cases. The women suffering from shock or grief couldn't sleep, and to distract them in their misery the hospital did an extraordinary thing. It opened up cases of champagne and sent round for all the naval officers on leave and gave a party in the women's ward to make the poor half-crazy mothers mildly tipsy and help them to forget the things they had seen and get some natural sleep. Of course Anna was at the party.

"ONE day when I was getting better and allowed out of hospital for the first time Anna took me down where we could see the sea. We sat on a marble seat in the gardens of the hospital and Anna looked out across the sea, northwards to Greece, and said very calmly: 'Paul, now that you are better you must come to see me in my new cabaret. We will drink to the memory of Jimmy. I know now that I shall never see him again.

But I am glad that he died for my country.'

"I said to her: 'I am sorry, Anna.'

"She replied: 'Don't be sorry for me! We are not finished yet. You must only be sorry for those who have nothing left, nothing at all.' Then she said an extraordinary thing——"

Paul stopped abruptly. I followed his glance and saw that the girl with the gleaming blonde hair had risen from the table and was leaving the café. As she stood, silhouetted against the brilliant light of the sea and sky outside, her hair pale gold in the sun, she waved her hand in gay farewell to Paul.

"Something so utterly unexpected——" continued Paul, as he stared after her. "She said, in her quaint, correct English, these words: 'We are not finished yet. To be defeated and not succumb: this is Victory.'"

I too looked after that gay, defiant figure, and I repeated after Paul: "To be defeated and not succumb." Then I turned to him. "Where did she learn that?" I asked. "Who could have taught it to her?"

"Oh," said Paul in an unsteady voice, "probably just another Greek."

END



trated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

THERE was Anna standing at the foot of my bed with a large bunch of flowers and a bottle of whisky

THE other day I met a colleague who had just returned from the Eighth Army via the Amazon, New York and Glasgow, "part Boeing, part banana boat," as he remarked. He had done much the same twice previously, and now I asked half jestingly:—

"Whither next? What's the next assignment?"

"Paris Correspondent," he came back at once. He had been one until 1939.

Well, that set us talking. Did he seriously think there was any chance of his resuming his job in Paris this year—next year? He did. He thought next winter a possibility, and the following spring a sound bet. And what was more, he hoped to obtain a priority return through one of the several



When We Begin To Travel Once Again . . .

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Allies in London. I had heard that before, and indeed aspire to get such a priority myself. But the conversation was in danger of developing into a wishful-thinking affair. More profitable, I thought, to explore another avenue. In what graduated process, with what travel priorities would the Continent be re-approached after the cease fire? Would there be a sudden rush back? Or would all travelling, and especially that of the tourist variety, be severely controlled, maybe over a long term?

We came to the conclusion that nothing like what transpired in wake of 1918 would be allowed or could be feasible again. That will be a blow to people cherishing the notion of a speedy return to their favourite resorts, and to less travelled ones who will hanker to see foreign lands after being penned behind the white cliffs for so long, but if you examine the position as it is likely to be at the end of this war, no other conclusion is possible.

What happened "last time"? I dare say my own case was not vastly different from a lot of others. Directly on demobilisation, I left for the Continent. I was not working; indeed my fixed idea was to go down to the sun and spend the King's Gratuity there. And this I proceeded to do for the next three

IN any case those who fled before the Nazis and who wish to return to their native lands must obviously be given priority

months. Nice, my main port of call, was then No. 2 U.S. Army Leave Area and it swarmed with buddies and officers. The pound was worth forty-seven francs and the pension at a good-sized hotel was thirteen shillings a day. I am talking of March, 1919, and the Riviera rapidly filled not only with the demobbed and those on leave, but with what I remember were called at the time, "civilian frillings," preponderantly womenfolk who had managed to wangle visas in England and other countries. Needless to say, many of the frillings were most welcome.

During these opening months of peace in the West, some 4,000,000 refugees and 2,000,000 prisoners of war had to be returned to their former homes. Note the numbers, for comparison with likely totals when this war is over. In the East, numbers and conditions were grimmer, but this is principally a tale of the West. Many of the refugees, or evacuees, as we know them now, took up life anew in empty army huts where one found them living years afterwards. They had parted with their rights under the rebuilding of the devastated areas, which grew to be one of the biggest ramps since Panama (incidentally, that was where Laval first made money).

Frightful famine came to Russia in 1920, but by that time—eighteen months after the armistice—the West was already well on the way back to normal travel conditions. I used to fly in the first Instone machines between Paris and London because the trains were so inconveniently full—of tourists! I recollect having had "dates" with members of the family in Spain and Switzerland in the spring and summer of 1920. We correspondents had, of course, by that time been all round the place—Turkey, Scandinavia, Vienna, the Balkans. And the Rhineland.

There was supposed to be a ban on the Occupied Territory, but that soon was pierced by wangers; so much so, that at the height of the profiteering on the broken mark, no less than 8,000 camp followers were in Cologne alone. They could live on a shilling or two a day, English money, and their presence was the first thing to restart bitterness, not only from Germans on the Rhine.

When we try again to fashion a durable peace, a thing to avoid is the shooting of other peoples' currencies to pieces. Doing so poisoned the whole international atmosphere "last time." When modern wars cease, a spreading host of easy-

money profiteers descends on countries trying desperately to make the first steps towards recovery. Some form of widespread exchange control, coupled with a more rigid scrutiny of reasons for travel, will enhance our chances of putting the United Nations on their way. And that brings me round to (Continued on page 65)

Illustrated by
D. L. Mays



TENS of thousands of relief workers will be necessary and we foresee members of the women's services being enrolled



The little "convoy" was attacked. The flimsy barrier formed by their wagons and the marksmanship of the few defenders shooting through the wheel-spokes was not enough to save them

Old Tales Re-told

*Some Adventures of Daniel Boone,
one of the Pioneers of American Civilisation*

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**

THE hero of my story this time is dear to all American hearts. Time has woven around him an almost legendary aura, but history awards him in actual fact an honourable place among the pioneers of American civilisation.

His name was Daniel Boone. He was born in 1734, of parents of British descent, in one of the first farm-houses to be erected on Pennsylvanian territory. There was not much chance in those times of acquiring a classical education, and the boy obtained such knowledge as he possessed direct from Nature.

A farming career was the only one open to him. However, in spite of the excitements and hazards of farming in the New World, the life was too slow for young Boone. A successful farmer had to be a good business man, and he had no talent at all for commerce. He was made for something altogether more thrilling—the sort of life in which the hardness of his body as well as the activity of his brain could be employed all the time.

He was seventeen when his parents moved their homestead to the extreme western border of North Carolina, then the frontier which divided the known land from the unknown. No place in the world could have been more attractive to young Daniel Boone than this borderland, full of the mystery, menace and allure that lay beyond. The line of demarcation was a warning to the timid and a challenge to the bold—a challenge that Daniel took up whole-heartedly. To reach the horizon, or the crests of the sun-baked mountains, was not enough. He wanted to know what lay beyond.

He began to study the flora and fauna of the district, together with the nature of the ground, and soon became an expert hunter and trapper. He made long trips of investigation far into the woods. The subject which drew him, above all others, was the study of the Red Indians, their laws, languages and habits. The more he learned, the more intrigued he became by them. In a few years he was a recognised

expert on various phases of frontier life. His marriage and the subsequent birth of his children did not side-track him from his prevailing passion. He realised now what vast possibilities were inherent in those unknown regions, and how essential it was for someone to start charting them for future exploitation.

He joined General Braddock's expedition, as a blacksmith, to help clear the hostile Indians from certain territory; and when the members of the expedition were soundly beaten he escaped barely with his life. This taught him a lesson: never to serve under other men who knew so much less than himself about the tactics of the red man. Feeling much safer on his own, he set out on a private expedition, accompanied only by his younger brother and a man called Stewart. He met with hostility at every step; and in one of their frequent skirmishes with the Indians, the man Stewart was killed and scalped. This set-back only made him more determined, however.

Some time later, attracted by the fertility of a piece of ground he had explored previously, he set out with his wife and children and five other families to cross the Cumberland mountains into Kentucky. But he never reached his objective. The little "convoy" was attacked. The flimsy barrier formed by their wagons and the marksmanship of the few defenders shooting through the wheel-spokes over the bodies of the animals was not enough to save them. Several of the pioneers lost their lives, and the rest were lucky to be able to withdraw. But Boone's plan was only postponed.

He knew now that the so-called superiority of firearms was only valid when the firing party were very numerous,

for handling the clumsy flintlock muskets was no easy job. The gunpowder had to be measured, then poured into the barrel from the muzzle, then a wad rammed in, then a ball, then another wad solidly pushed home, and finally the priming prepared in order to produce the spark. While all this was taking place, there was plenty of time in which to get riddled with arrows. He realised that it was unwise to bring the settlers and their women before the track was cleared and a residence prepared for them which would be reasonably secure. So when he set out again, it was with a band of specially-chosen hunters, all equipped with weapons, food and tools.

They worked their way up the Kentucky river without any loss worth mentioning. Then they chose a good spot and set to work on it. Tall, straight trees were felled and cut to size, then mortared with mud and laid horizontally on top of each other, forming the stout walls of their fortress. This was then enclosed in a thick stockade which could not be penetrated by arrows or bullets. Then all the vegetation in the vicinity was cut to ground level, so that no Indian could approach without being seen.

BY the end of April the little settlement was ready to receive the colony of pioneers and their women and children. It was given the name of Boonesborough. Within a few months more settlers had arrived, and more log cabins were erected within the pallisade, all furnished with loopholes in case of attack.

Among the new settlers was a certain Colonel Calloway, his wife and two beautiful daughters, Elizabeth and Frances. The Colonel took charge of the garrison in proper military style.

Life at Boonesborough was full of excitement for the men, but not for the women, who were compelled to keep always within the stockade.

The eldest daughter of Daniel Boone had reached the age of seventeen, and she now became the inseparable companion of the Calloway girls. All three were betrothed to brave and active lads in the settlement. One of the few pastimes of the girls was paddling about the river in a canoe, fishing and bathing, and one day their little indulgence ended in calamity.

Having finished their domestic duties, they went down to the river bank, untied their canoe and pushed off. The sun had almost set, but the western sky was afire with crimson clouds that formed fantastic shapes. They crossed to the opposite bank of the river, and when the canoe was near the bank, one of the girls who had discarded her clothes jumped out and began splashing about in the cool water, while the other two paddled the canoe near by. They were laughing and joking, quite unconscious of the fact that they were being watched from amongst the undergrowth by five Indians, crouched like panthers ready to spring.

Slowly the canoe came nearer and nearer to the spot where the savages were. From that moment the girls were doomed. The act was done with lightning suddenness. Their screams were stifled, their mouths gagged with the clothes of the girl who had been in the water. Struggle and kick as they might, they were held fast in arms of steel. In a few seconds they were dragged off into the woods. The whole thing had taken no more than an instant of time and had been carried out right under the noses of the garrison of Fort Boonesborough.

Gradually, however, the complete silence that had followed the laughter and chatter of the girls wakened the attention of their families. The empty canoe lying upturned on the pebbles told its unmistakable story. All the camp rose up in arms. The three fiancés of the kidnapped girls were eager to start out at once and swore they would never return without their loved ones.

Colonel Calloway and his wife were almost demented at the thought of their daughters at the mercy of the savages. Boone, usually so unperturbed, was himself in the grip of icy fears. Would he be able to rescue his girl alive? He had to bite his lip hard to control his anxiety, and at the same time curb the impatience of the three young men.

It was useless to start out now in the darkness. They would never be able to follow the trail. They must wait for the dawn.

Never had a night seemed so long. At last the sky began to pale. Boone had selected eight men altogether, and they set out from the spot where the canoe lay. Their keen eyes followed successfully the tell-tale traces. The hunt was rendered easier by the fact that the girls had managed to leave signs, such as broken twigs and fragments of clothing, a proof



of their daring and presence of mind, for in order to deceive their crafty captors they must have put up a show of hysteria all the way.

Every now and again the heels of their shoes had left a mark. Encumbered with their captives, the Indians could not have made very fast progress. By the evening, the pursuing party had already travelled over thirty miles.

All of a sudden, Boone made a signal to keep quiet and lay down flat. Just beyond a rise on the ground, less than a hundred paces away, they made out some smoke rising vertically in the still air of the summer night.

Snake-like, Boone crept soundlessly to the top of the rise, and from there he saw the girls huddled together on the ground, while the Indians were preparing a meal round the fire. They were armed with muskets, so Boone arranged his men in such a way as to plunge on the enemy before they had time to kill



Struggle and kick as they might, they were held fast in arms of steel. In a few seconds they were dragged off into the woods

their prisoners, as they would surely do before allowing them to be snatched to safety. But he had no time. The Indians saw them coming, but before they could pick up their weapons and take aim, the hunters fired. Two of the redskins fell. The others rushed towards the girls, but Boone leapt upon them at the head of his band, yelling like devils, which so scared them that they ran off, abandoning not only their captives, but also their weapons.

THE poor girls were in a state of collapse, their feet sore and bleeding, their clothes in rags. Till then they had put up a stout front and withstood the ordeal unflinching; but now that they were safely in the arms of the rescuers, they gave way to reaction and sobbed hysterically, burying their faces against the breasts of their dear ones.

They were soon reassured by kisses and words of encouragement, and the bodies of the dead Indians were dragged out of sight.

Their tale was simple. They had been compelled to run and walk without respite, and had been roughly handled only when they showed signs of collapse after enduring for a whole night and a day.

Boone wished to leave without delay, for he feared the Indians might return in force; but the exhaustion of the girls made him postpone departure until the following morning. The night passed peacefully, and there was no sound but the lullaby of the cicadas.

How different was the long journey back—and what a demonstration of joy awaited them at Fort Boonesborough! In his adventurous life, Boone had gone through many such dramatic chapters, but seldom with such a happy ending as this.



*It was a dreadful day when Daniel Boone himself
was captured by the Indians*

THE Indians had sworn to destroy every settlement that the white men established, and Boone's defence of his little colony was no easy task. It was a dreadful day when he himself was captured. There was no fight this time, no bloodshed.

His camp was invaded by hundreds of Shawnees, who disarmed him, together with his thirty hunters. However, in a short time he had turned the tables. The captive captivated his captors and inspired in them such admiration that he was officially adopted as a son of the tribe!

It was then that he heard how a strong force of Indians, under the

leadership of a Frenchman called Dequesne, was preparing an assault on Boonesborough. He needed to know no more. The same night he disappeared from the village, braved the dangers of the hostile wilderness, and travelled forty miles a day for four consecutive days, arriving at the fort in time to organise its defence. The garrison consisted only of forty men, but under his command they were confident of the outcome.

The redskins arrived and surrounded the spot. Several times Duquesne called on Boone to surrender, but the only reply he got was a fresh challenge to do his worst. After nine

fruitless days the besiegers gave up the siege.

A few years later, Kentucky asked to be included in the first group [of the seventeen Republican States.

DANIEL BOONE lived a long life among his many descendants. He was accustomed to relate his adventures with the calm smile of the man who was born to dominate himself and others. There was one episode, however, which always excited him in the telling, and caused him to re-live the anxieties of one dreadful night—the night of the kidnapping of his beloved daughter. (END.)

"Natural" Hazards

*Unusual Dangers Encountered
by Aviators During Flying*

By Frank W. Lane

BY far the biggest danger was from birds. We ran into flocks of lapwings, swallows, geese and even herons." This remark was made by the pilot of one of our machines after a recent "hedge-hopping" raid over the Continent. Several other members of the aircrews of aeroplanes engaged on these raids have also drawn attention to this little-known danger of low-flying machines.

But it will be apparent in what follows that birds are not the only animals with which our aircrews have to contend. The history of aeronautics contains a number of surprising encounters with wild creatures and in this article I have picked out some of the more startling of these incidents.

"Leaping Lion Brings Down Aircraft" sounds like a title taken from one of the more sensational popular weeklies. But such an event nearly happened some years ago in Africa.

Udet, the famous German ace of the last war, was flying over the Serengetti Plains, preparing to make a film. Another airman, named Suchoky, was flying behind him. On the ground was a group of lions, basking in the sunshine. They presented a perfect target for the camera.

The airmen closed the throttles of their engines and dropped down towards the lions. This procedure didn't please them and as the planes swooped low the largest beast sprang at Udet's plane. It missed, but recovering quickly the lion sprang again at Suchoky's machine.

The lion's claws connected with the aileron of the plane and tore a large hole in the fabric, the ragged ends of which fluttered in the wind as the machine climbed away from the lions. The lion itself got a severe shock. The force of the impact was so great that it turned a complete somersault



UDET, the famous German ace of the last war and afterwards a Hollywood stunt flyer, was nearly brought down by a lion over the Serengetti Plains of Africa whilst he was preparing to make a film

before crashing back on the ground.

The only other case which I have met in which a mammal has damaged a plane occurred in Australia. In certain parts of the continent there are vast numbers of "flying foxes" or fruit-eating bats. They are among the largest bats in the world and have a wingspread of between four and five feet.

At dusk enormous flocks of these bats take to the air and wheel about like a company of English starlings. On one occasion an airman had the misfortune to fly into a dense mass of the bats which were just beginning their aerial manoeuvres. I don't know how many of the creatures hit him, but they damaged his plane so severely that he had to shut off his engine and make a forced landing!

Before dealing with the most prolific cause of these "natural hazards"—birds—I think mention must be made of the fish and earwig which have both taken a hand (or fin and feeler) in aerial operations in the present war. During a wave-hopping flight one pilot swore that a fish struck his airscrew. The pilot was lucky the prop. wasn't wrecked because a flying boat once had its airscrew taken clean off when it hit a wave during the take-off! The earwig was responsible for making a bomber take a load of incendiaries to Germany and bring them back again intact. The insect somehow got into the bomb-releasing mechanism and caused it to jam.

It is surprising to learn that the American Bureau of Standards has evidently thought the hazards of collisions between aeroplanes and birds are sufficiently great to warrant the carrying out of an exhaustive series of tests on the resistance of wind-screens to avian attack.

The investigators carrying out the tests were faced with the initial difficulty of simulating the actual conditions of aeroplane-bird collisions. But your American scientist is nothing if not ingenious. As real (Continued on page 54)



FLIGHT. LIEUT. R. A. YATES-EARL, D.F.C., with a sea gull's head which was found embedded on a leading edge of the wing of his Boston bomber on returning from a raid on the great Philips's radio factories at Eindhoven, Holland. With him are other members of his crew, Sgt. Leaver, D.F.M., and Pilot Officer K. H. Houghton, D.F.C.

(Right)

A LANCASTER during a raid on the Creusot works in France ran into a covey of partridges. The wind-screen was broken, and fragments blinded the flight-engineer who was sitting alongside the pilot. When the Lancaster returned a partridge was found embedded in the cowling of the port wing engine, and another was caught up on the leading edge of the port wing (Reproduced by courtesy of The Sphere)



Keepers Of

THE radio operator came hurriedly out of his cabin. The dawn was grey, and there was a smell of rain in the wind. Ahead of the destroyer, on the port quarter, he could see the three lines of stubby merchantmen in close formation, thrusting north-westward with a steady, almost imperceptible movement. He clattered up the bridge ladder, dodged round the control tower, and spotted the captain as a bulky, indeterminate figure in his chair in the wing. Lieutenant-Commander Roy Kennedy, wrapped in his thick duffle coat, was snatching a little well-earned sleep.

It was a light sleep, for the clatter of the radio operator's feet brought him into an alert position. Taking the slip of paper, he moved swiftly to the light over the binnacle and scanned the message.

"H'm," he murmured, and turned to the first lieutenant standing at his side. "Looks like trouble on the way," he remarked dryly. "The *Wilhelm Deutsch* is loose and heading our way from the south-west, with an escort vessel. Our chaps are sending the old *Immutable* down from the northern route to help us out, but"—and here a grim smile twisted his firm mouth—"I doubt if she'll reach us until it's all over."

He leaned over to pass the slip of paper to the navigation officer, seated by the gyro compass. "This gives her approximate position and speed and course," he said. "You might plot her probable positions at half-hourly intervals." Then his eyes sought the yeoman of signals. "Make the signal for the convoy to steam at maximum speed, Wilson," he ordered, "and tell them to alter course to Plan Four, north-easterly."

He must swing the convoy in towards the Channel as quickly as possible, he decided. They had made a big detour to avoid the Bay of Biscay, where the Kuriers were still unpleasantly active in spite of Coastal Command. The *Wilhelm Deutsch* was taking a chance coming after them as close to home as this, but the convoy was carrying some valuable stuff, and maybe the Huns would risk a surface raider for the chance of sinking some of it.

Sensing a presence at his side, he turned quickly to find Ted Burgess there, with a mug of steaming cocoa, and smiled. The sight of Ted took his mind, as it always did, back to the farm—to Denise, his wife, the dogged old admiral, his father, and old

NOW and again
he would turn
his face to the west,
where the rain was
thickening the sky

Dick Burgess, Ted's old man. He wondered how they were getting on at home. He visualised his father in the living-room of the old farmhouse, a log fire blazing in the wide open hearth, and Rough—that wise old sheepdog whose exploits were a topic of conversation wherever shepherds gathered in a Devon way-side inn—lying on the well-worn patchwork rug at his feet. "Look after your charges first," was an old maxim of the admiral's, and Roy smiled at childhood memories of the old man hammering the maxim home. And after all, he thought, Rough, though Roy's own dog, was perhaps the aptest of all the admiral's pupils.

Then he dismissed thoughts of comfort and awoke to the realities of the moment. The signal had gone out, and he stepped to the front of the bridge to watch the convoy breaking and altering course. When they had re-formed, he threw back a series of instructions over his shoulder to the men behind him, and the destroyer began to lift her nose in the grey water as an access of speed brought her up on the flank of the merchantmen, the spume of her bow waves slipping past her plates in a graceful curve to be lost in the turbulent frothing of the wake.

Illustrated by
M. Mackinlay



The Flocks

Now and again, as she sped past her charges to turn and come back along their other flank, the captain would shout megaphone instructions to some tardy skipper. Twice, thrice, the destroyer frothed around the slower merchantmen, herding them patiently into an ordered and more rapidly moving flock, then the captain signalled his corvette, which had been standing off to the west and now came cutting through the waves. He leaned over the port wing and spoke through the loud-hailer to the cheerful, bearded young man grinning up at him from the corvette's bridge. "Keep them to that, George," he said, "then we shall know where to find you when we want you—if," he added to himself, "we're still here to look for you."

He strolled over to the navigation officer. "Got those figures?" he asked him, and the lieutenant handed up a sheet of paper. He pored over it and made some mental calculations. "We could make contact in about an hour, couldn't we?" he asked, and the navigator nodded.

"Right!" said the captain, suddenly making up his mind. "Set the course to bring us down on her port side. Looks as if there might be some low-hanging squalls coming up from the west, and if so we'll get inside 'em."

MANY miles to the north-east the dawn had reached out its fingers to the western horizon, from which a misty rain was drifting in over the land as a man and dog topped the last rise of the sunken lane and came out into the open. The grey waters of the Atlantic were only dimly visible far below, where a shoulder of the moor swept down to a drystone wall lipping the black cliffs.

Dotted about the short, wiry turf, almost to the horizon, were the white blobs of sheep grazing, their backs to the wind coming off the sea. At a word from the old man, Rough stood for a moment, his grey-white muzzle thrown up as if calculating the shortest way of accomplishing his task. Then he loped away to the right, up a rising stretch of moor bounded in the far distance by another of the flat-stoned walls which intersected its vast expanse at uneven intervals.

The old man stood watching the dog with an occasional murmur of approval for some distant and beautifully executed manoeuvre—the tribute of one expert to another. Now and again he would

"Look After Your Charges First" was the Old Admiral's Maxim and his Pupils were Faithful to it on Land and Sea

THE destroyer frothed around the slower merchantmen, herding them patiently into an ordered and more rapidly moving flock

By

Harry Hearson





*"LIE still, old chap," she murmured.
"I'll put you right in a minute"*

turn his face to the west, where the rain was thickening the sky, and once he straightened himself as, very faintly, there rode on the shoulders of the wind the sound of distant gunfire from the Atlantic wastes. Somewhere out there, he remembered, was Master Roy, and his own son Ted. His eyes grew thoughtful.

He awoke to find himself knee deep in a flood of sheep. His far-sighted eyes took in the upward-sweep of the moor to his right and found it empty from the distant wall to the closely packed flock gathering about him. Its flank, drawn as if by a pair of compasses, came round in a tight circle to the left, where it broke off into ragged groups. Rough was away down by the cliff wall, coaxing some recalcitrant stragglers.

As the old man watched him, a new sound was borne down to him on the wind—the groaning of a bomber's engines—that throb-throbbing which always seemed to set up a sympathetic echo in his bowels. But this time there was something different about it. Now and again the note would seem to hesitate and break, and each time it picked up again it seemed louder, and lower in the clouds. He glanced down over the moor, and noticed that Rough, who had closed up the left flank of the flock, completing the circle, was standing looking over his shoulder up at the sky. As he watched the dog, the noise of the motors faltered again, and Rough swung about, planting his front paws firmly, as if to meet the menace.

Following the direction of the dog's muzzle, the old man was suddenly aware of a looming shape, blacker against the grey. He had just time to notice the swastikas and some other symbol painted beside them on the undersides of wings in which tattered holes revealed patches of the grey sky, when the motors picked up again with an explosive roar and the plane banked sharply to its left towards the high moorland horizon. For a few minutes it climbed steeply, and as it reached the peak of its lift two little black objects tumbled out of it.

The old man instinctively ducked, but straightened up again when two white canopies blossomed over the falling objects and revealed them as parachutists. They were, he judged, about half a mile away, and they were drifting gently down towards the east. A crumpling, smashing sound jerked his eyes to the hillside farther up, and he saw the bomber stand on its nose before turning over to leave one of its wings poking drunkenly



*THE captain's binoculars picked up
the shape of the surface raider*

towards the sky. An urgent pressure against his gaiters indicated that Rough was at his side, asking for orders. He pointed at the flock, and then behind him towards the lane. "Home meadows, Rough," he said, and, turning to the right, forced his way through the sheep and began to run in the direction the parachutes were falling.

The dog hesitated and his lips involuntarily drew back from his teeth. Then he shivered and became again an embodiment of craftsmanship. Racing down and around the flanks of the sheep, he urged them into a combined movement towards the open gate which marked the entrance to the lane.

But they were obstinate. The noise of the bomber must have upset them, for they moved only a few yards, then halted again, turning nervous faces towards the hillside where that unfamiliar black wing stuck up against the sky. The dog leapt to an outcrop of rock from the top of which he could look down on his charges. Picking out the square, rugged form of an old ram towards the front of the flock, he came down again, shouldered his way through the woolly mass and sprang on to the ram's back, urging him forward with the pressure of his paws. The ram moved, the ranks broke open to let him through, and Rough rode him at the open gateway. The sheep closed in behind them, flocking forward after their leader, and when Rough, fifty yards down the lane, looked over his shoulder and saw the sheep flooding after him through the gap, he leapt from the ram's back to the high bank of the lane and ran back along it to the moor.

He was packing the rearguard through the gap when the report of a gun swung him to face the upward sweep of the moor. He saw Dick Burgess stumble and fall into a deep hollow. Far beyond it two men were standing, and a low growl escaped him as once again his lips came back (Continued on page 66)

Unique Tombstones

Described and Photographed
by J. D. Robinson

MANY strange tombstones are to be found in our beautiful village churchyards and if we spare the time to inspect them closely some almost unbelievable facts will be our reward.

One of the quaintest must surely be that at Maryport, Cumberland, where there is a stone with the following inscription:—

Here Lieth The Remains of 10s. SMYTH,
An Irishman, Aged 25£.

That is all it says about it, but the story goes that the body of an Irishman was found on the shores of the Solway Firth. They were unable to identify him, but as he had in his pockets the sum of £25 10s. they used the 10s. as a Christian name and the £25 as his age.

Standing side by side in the churchyard at Bromsgrove, near Birmingham, are two tombstones, each of which has an engraving of an engine. They are memorials to two men, Joseph Rutherford and Thomas Scaife, who were engine drivers



THIS pair of tombstones in Bromsgrove churchyard were erected to the memory of two engine drivers who lost their lives in the days when railway engines were considered dangerous contraptions

in the early days of those dangerous contraptions. They were hurled to their deaths by the bursting of the boilers on June 24, 1840. The following lines are engraved on Scaife's stone:—

My engine now is cold and still
No water does my boiler fill
My coke affords its flames no more
My days of usefulness are o'er
My wheels deny their noted speed
No more my guiding hands they heed.

Another interesting stone inscribed with lines relating to the trade of the deceased is in Gainford churchyard, Co. Durham. This is what it tells about the village blacksmith:—

My Sledge and Hammer lie declined,
My Bellows have lost their wind,
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,
My Vice is in the dust all laid,
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
My Nails are drove, my Work is done,
My fire dry'd Corps lie here at Rest,
My Soul, Smoke-like, Soars to be blest.

The stone is to the memory of Thomas Wilkinson of Summerhouse, and bears the date of 1777.

Even the ragman's tombstone bears a rhyme. The stone is in a very fine state of preservation at Wyomondham, Leicestershire, and is to the memory of Samuel Pears, died March 3, 1809, aged ninety-one years:—

I in my time did gather rags
And many a time I fill'd my bags,
Altho' it was a ragged trade,
My rags are sold my debts are paid,
Therefore go on don't waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme
For what I am this cumbrous clay assures
And what I was is no affair of yours.

Have you heard of a tomb like a tent? Well, there is such a strange sight at Mortlake, Surrey. The tomb of Sir Richard Burton (1821-1890), the great Arab scholar and traveller, is shaped just like an Arab tent and surmounted by a nine-pointed star. The interior is hung with camel bells, Sir Richard

THE tomb of Sir Joseph Danvers at Swithland. The grave is dug half in consecrated ground and the other half in unconsecrated ground so that a dog and its master could both be buried in the same grave



TOMBSTONE of a giant. It is in St. Andrew's churchyard at Penrith, and is the reputed burial place of "Owen Caesarius" of Ingelwood legend, who was King of Cumberland

is noted for being the first European to reach Mecca.

In the churchyard at Worth Matravers, Dorset, is a stone over the graves of Benjamin Jesty and his wife. He died April 16, 1816, aged 79 years, and the inscription on the stone says:—

He was born at Yetminster in this County, and was an upright honest man; particularly noted for having been the first person (known) that introduced the Cow Pox inoculation, and who, from his great strength of mind, made the experiment (from the cow) on his wife and two sons in the year 1774.

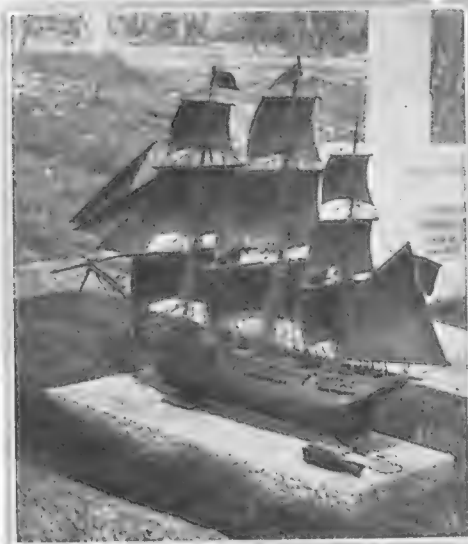
It has been suggested that the strength of mind was in reality shown by the wife and children, and not himself, when such a dangerous experiment was tried out.

In Devonshire, at Buckfastleigh, is another curious tomb. It is an enclosed structure with iron grills and is erected over the body of Richard Cabell of Brooke, who had such an evil reputation that he was placed under a heavy stone, and a kind of pent house built over that so that there would be no fear of him coming up and haunting the neighbourhood. Heavy padlocks secure the door. It is reputed that when he died fiends and black dogs breathing fire raced over Dartmoor howling a terrific din. Richard, who died in 1677, was the last of his race.

The sight of a sailing ship, in full sail, makes one of the most novel and unique tombstones to be found in the whole country. It is on the grave of Mr. Warley Pickering, a merchant with interests in China, and is the work of Dudley March. The ship is made of bronze and is complete in every detail including a little pinnace alongside. The billowing of the sails suggests her making fine headway. It certainly makes a fitting memorial to Mr. Pickering whose hobby is said to have been the collecting of model ships and whose life was spent in sailing the seven seas.

Sportsmen will like to see the last resting place of John Peel, that famous hunting figure about whom the well-known song "D'ye ken John Peel" was written. His grave which is at Caldbeck, Cumberland, is easily found, as a path has been worn across the churchyard by the countless visitors' feet to this spot. The stone shows the figure of a hound as well as horns and hunting crops. Peel is reputed to have kept a pack of hounds for fifty-five years.

Not many miles (Continued on page 60)



A SAILING ship in full sail makes one of the most novel and unique tombstones to be found in the whole country. It is on the grave at Jevington, of Mr. Warley Pickering, whose life was spent in sailing the seven seas



A WARM sun shone down on the quiet uplands. Bees hummed busily over purple heather and ling. The gentle breeze carried a tang of wood smoke from the valleys. The whole countryside was drowsy, steeped in autumnal peace.

The man who had been lying among the heather for over an hour was almost invisible. His powerful field glasses had swung round in every direction, methodically and closely scrutinising the hilltop.

Now the glasses were directed on the patch of level moorland immediately in front of him. According to his calculations, this small plateau was exactly one mile west of the Folly. Here, if anywhere, he should find what he sought.

Although fairly sure that he was not under observation, he dare not risk tramping about the plateau. He started to quarter it with the glasses, criss-crossing so that every yard was slowly and

valley after valley cutting deep into the hills which stretched from here to the coast. A beautiful country—but he saw little or nothing of it. His eyes were broody and thoughtful, with a growing spark of excitement in them.

He took from his pocket part of a six-inch ordnance survey sheet. From a dot on this, marked Hendry's Folly, he had drawn a line extending six inches due west. Comparing the map now with his recollection of the plateau he had just left, he nodded and smiled. It could be no coincidence that a pile of stones marked that particular spot on the plateau. He had found what he wanted.

Continuing on his way, he reached the edge of a valley and scrambled down the rough hillside to the grass-grown cart track where he had left his bicycle. From here he could see the Folly, a large ornate building, spired and turreted, standing at the head of the valley in a fold of the hills.

the beaten track; and who was likely to worry if a few drinks were served after ten o'clock at night? Certainly not Sergeant Diggle, the local representative of law and order. He had never been seen anywhere near the "White Hart" after official closing time.

The bar parlour was crowded. The blackout is not conducive to efficient ventilation, and the atmosphere had grown even thicker than usual. Behind the bar Sam Hudson drew beer and measured tots of whisky, carrying on a disjointed conversation with Mr. Claycroft, the cattle dealer, who leaned restfully against the wall, occasionally pushing forward his tankard to be refilled. Clara, old Sam's daughter, moved deftly among the tables, bringing drinks to the farmers

Signal Service

What was the Mysterious Cairn of Stones doing in the Middle of a Desolate Yorkshire Moor?

By Frank King

thoroughly investigated. It was a long time before he noticed the little pile of stones at one side of a faint sheep track which twisted through the heather. At first it meant nothing to him. Then he began to wonder. Why should any one heap a few stones together in the middle of a desolate moorland? Obviously to mark a spot. Something hidden, perhaps; buried in the ground beneath the stones? Might be. More likely the cairn was intended to serve the purpose of a buoy at sea. Any one wandering over the moor at night could easily get lost, even if he knew the locality well. If he followed along the sheep track until he came to the pile of stones, he'd know that he'd reached the exact spot where he wished to be.

Surmise. It was equally possible that the stones had been there for years, built up by boys who had been playing some game. At this thought, the man frowned. At least he could make sure whether anything had been buried recently.

After using the glasses for another careful study of his surroundings, he put them into his pocket and wriggled forward through the heather towards the sheep track. When he reached the cairn, he satisfied himself on two points. The ground around showed no signs of having been disturbed; and though it was moderately soft, the bottom stones had not sunk into it to any extent.

The pile, then, had been built up within the last few days. And there was nothing buried beneath it. It could only be a landmark—indicating a point one mile west of the Folly. Turning, the man wriggled back through the heather until he had passed over the edge of a dip in the moorland. Here he rose to his feet, though still crouching, and continued a short distance down the slope. Then he straightened, lit a cigarette, and sat on a boulder. He was facing east, with

A millionaire had built it, lived in it for six months—and left it. For fifty years it had failed to attract another tenant. Now every one in Lothderene knew that it had been taken over by the War Office, and was being used as an ammunition dump.

Ideally situated for the purpose. But how vulnerable from the air! One bomb among its packed contents. . . . Again a grim smile twisted the man's lips.

Mounting his bicycle he rode carefully down the cart track.

They were not particular about licensing hours at the "White Hart." Lothderene was far from



and the guests, mostly elderly evacuees, staying at the inn. She was a bright sprightly girl, with a cheerful word for every one—except Mr. Wentworth.

There was no obvious reason for Clara's dislike for Nicholas Wentworth. Indeed

he was a very personable young man, with fair wavy hair and steady grey eyes. He had arrived at the "White Hart" two days ago on a short holiday, filling in a London address on the registration slip, and giving his occupation as civil servant, Inland Revenue.

In peace-time Clara would probably have found no fault in Mr. Wentworth. But Bill Foster was fighting the Germans in Libya, suffering all sorts of hardships. Every able-bodied man in Lotherdene was doing something towards victory, wringing more potatoes and grain out of the reluctant soil than ever before. Even Mr. Claycroft, getting on for sixty, with so much money that he needn't work at all, bought cattle for the Ministry of Food, and put in a lot of time with the Home Guard.

And here was a young man, obviously fit and well, with a funk-hole kind of job which allowed him to take leisurely holidays—he'd actually said he didn't know how long he'd be staying at the "White Hart." Holidays! While Bill Foster sweated and toiled in the desert sand, risking death every minute. Clara found it difficult even to be civil to Mr. Wentworth. She nodded

curtly as he stretched lazily, said good night to the company, and went upstairs.

In his small bare bedroom, Nicholas Wentworth quickly undressed and got into bed. Leaving his candle burning, he lit a cigarette. He had a problem to solve, a double problem likely to keep him awake far into the small hours.

The thing had started four nights ago when several listening posts in different parts of the country reported picking up a coded wireless message. The relative strengths of reception in various localities suggested that the message had originated somewhere in East Yorkshire. The Counter-Espionage people at once got busy and soon managed to break the code. In clear, the message ran: "Any night after 26th. Target one mile due east of signal. Further supplies required."

Not much doubt about its meaning. But the action to be taken presented some difficulties. East Yorkshire is an exceptionally large area. How to decide which would be bombed any night after the 26th?

The cool shrewd brains in C.E. headquarters set to work methodically. They were able to rule out a good proportion of the objectives; because for various reasons it would be impossible for any one to signal from a point one mile to the west of them. Even so, a long list remained which could not be cut down further without investigation on the spot. Telegrams were sent out in all directions, and a number of men and women, both young

*CLARA found it difficult even
to be civil to Mr. Wentworth*

*Illustrated by
Jack Faulks*

and old, discovered urgent business in East Yorkshire.

Nicholas Wentworth, assigned to the study of Hendry's Folly, decided to appear in Lotherdene on holiday rather than business. He was a cautious and wide-awake young man. The sender of the wireless message would obviously be alert, keeping a watchful eye on any stranger. Wentworth had spent the first day of his holiday cycling through the country lanes well away from the Folly.

He had seen no sign of anything suspicious, no indication that any one was interested in him. Not that he'd expected to be so lucky. Any Nazi spy operating in the fourth year of war must have intelligence above the average. Wentworth knew that precautions above the average were called for.

The double problem could be stated simply enough: Arrest the spy and prevent the bombing of the Folly. The more Wentworth thought about it, the more savagely he told himself that it would be impossible to do both.

He did not anticipate much difficulty in carrying out the first part of the agenda. If all went well the spy would betray himself. Watch the cairn he'd built, and he'd walk into your hands.

But—and the objection was a big one—more than this would be necessary for arrest and conviction. In these days, or rather nights, of Home Guard activity, any innocent loyal citizen might easily be near that pile of stones during an air raid. A coincidence, if you like; the trouble was that coincidences do happen. Wentworth saw clearly enough that the spy could not

torch might have been expected; such a crude expedient was inconceivable to-day. Even though the plateau on the moor was isolated enough, it could be seen from hilltops all around where every vantage point was occupied by Home Guard sentries on the lookout for anything of the sort. No intelligent Nazi agent would take so foolish a risk.

Wireless was a possibility, though not at all likely. A moderately accurate position could be given to aircraft by a set working on the beam principle; but the intercepted message to Germany had not been sent by beam, and it was very improbable that the spy would have two sets.

Wentworth tried to imagine how he himself would signal in such circumstances, and almost contemptuously dismissed as impracticable any suggestion that sprang into his mind. He was engaged on this somewhat sterile occupation when sirens wailed in the distance.

Extinguishing his candle he got out of bed and drew back the blackout curtains. His window faced east, and he could see the waving fingers of searchlights, with pinpoints of shells bursting in the sky as coastal defences went into action against raiders coming in from the sea. Soon the activity died down, and he heard the halting drone of bombers overhead. He had a momentary qualm, wondering whether the date of the attack on Hendry's Folly had been advanced by some wireless message which the C.E. people had failed to intercept. But the raiders passed, (Continued on page 52)

ALMOST immediately a dark figure rose up in front of him, a revolver was thrust into his ribs, a torch flashed twice on his startled face

Still, there was not much time before the 26th. To-day he had risked a glance at the Folly and a search of the moor to the west of it. What he had found there had sent him to the telephone to report to headquarters that the first part of the task was done.

It was still possible, of course, that the wireless message had not originated anywhere near Lotherdene; but Wentworth felt sure—and headquarters agreed with him—that Hendry's Folly was the target mentioned in it, that the little pile of stones on the moor marked the spot from which the spy would signal to the bombers overhead.

A very satisfactory beginning. Future action, however, was much more doubtful.

be identified with certainty until he had signalled—which meant the almost inevitable destruction of Hendry's Folly.

There seemed no way out of the impasse. You couldn't empty the Folly of its dangerous and valuable contents without the spy learning all about it. In that case he wouldn't give his signal, and you'd be no nearer catching him. Apparently you'd to make your choice—lose the spy or lose the Folly. You couldn't have both.

And there was another worrying feature. Could you be sure that the man had signalled? How would he signal? During the last war the flashing of an electric

On Duty and Off

THE woman who can steal forty winks at a minute's notice need never have a moment's worry about her good looks. The gift of being able to drop off to sleep for half an hour and waken up bright and fresh is worth more than hundreds of pounds spent on beauty treatments. If you have this gift, make the most of it, and even if you can't sleep remember that the foundation of every efficient beauty treatment is nothing more or less than relaxation. The whole

OFF DUTY

set-up of the treatment room—the treatment couch with its Sorbo-padded mattress, the quiet atmosphere, the soothing massage—was all aimed at making the client relax, and the woman who gossiped while she was having her treatment was merely wasting her money.

To relax well—you must have four things—comfort, quiet, plenty of fresh air and self-control—which enable you to switch your mind away from your worries. Having to rush to work, rush home and rush out again in the evening is very straining, but you can work all day and dance half through the night and look your best if you can rest for three-quarters of an hour or an hour before your party.

A warm bath before your rest will help you to relax. If your muscles are tired, remember the good, old-fashioned mustard-bath, and use the old-fashioned method of tying the mustard powder in a little square of muslin. Shake it in the bath, and be very careful not to have the water too hot or the mustard will flay you. Lie down on the bed, snuggle under a downy, see that your window is open, and in order to get a cross-current of air have the door open as well. Most women who wake up feeling just as tired as they did when they went to bed do not know how to go to sleep. Much insomnia is caused by bad ventilation. You can keep the air

It is fun to feast your eyes on advertisements which picture for you enchanting bottles filled with every kind of delicate fragrance. Crystal cut like baguette diamonds, such as Ciro's perfume range, which seems to say "Remember me?" Perfumes bearing the names of "Danger," "Surrender," "Reflexion" and "New Horizons." Or "Charles of the Ritz" wartime Cologne. Or "Spring Rain" and "Moss Rose." Schiaparelli's "Sleeping" in a candle-flame bottle, or "Shocking" in the glass, dressmaker-frame bottle, and her "Salut," to bring back happy memories to us. And there is a new Renoir "Chichi" perfume, in a heart-shaped bottle. True, these tempting advertisements are not for us, but we can see them in the American magazines, and it is not a bad idea to take a few moments off every now and then from war work and dream of some of the things that we hope the future holds in store for us.

By Jane Gordon

moving by opening the window both top and bottom. If your room is only slightly stuffy, you will feel drowsy and headachy when you awake.

Comfort at night also depends on a good mattress turned every day, smooth sheets and a well-made bed. An overloaded tummy is one sure way of keeping you awake at night, and if you suffer from insomnia, let your last meal be mostly of vegetables. Some women sleep better with a good-night warm drink and biscuit, while others are better with nothing. You may put yourself to sleep by reading, or you may become more wide awake with every page you read. If you think about going to sleep, the chances are you won't, and if you think about your worries, you certainly won't.

A far nicer antidote for insomnia than counting sheep is to go on your favourite walk. Start out on your favourite walk mentally, and before you know where you are you will find you have walked right into a pleasant dream.



WORK in a day-nursery is no child's play, and I know, because I have been putting in some off-duty work at a local day-nursery. This particular nursery is probably one of the best of its kind in the country. It was built before the war regardless of cost, and it was obviously designed by experts in child welfare. When London children were evacuated at the beginning of the war, the nursery was closed. It was taken over

by the Council and opened again fifteen months ago. The accommodation is for sixty to seventy children, and the lists are always full.

Day-nursery work is the Cinderella of all the women's Services. There has not been the slightest effort to dramatise or glamorise this type of work. The authorities seem to go out of their way to make it as unattractive as possible, which is a very strange state of affairs. If this war is really being fought for the next generation, then looking after the children in the day-nurseries should have a tremendous appeal to all women. You see plenty of posters appealing to women to go into the factories and into the Services, but not a day-nursery poster in the whole country.

The women who do the job are overworked and underpaid. At this particular council nursery the work is divided into two shifts—from 7 a.m. till 3 p.m. for the first shift; the second shift coming on at 11 a.m. till 7 p.m., the overlap being

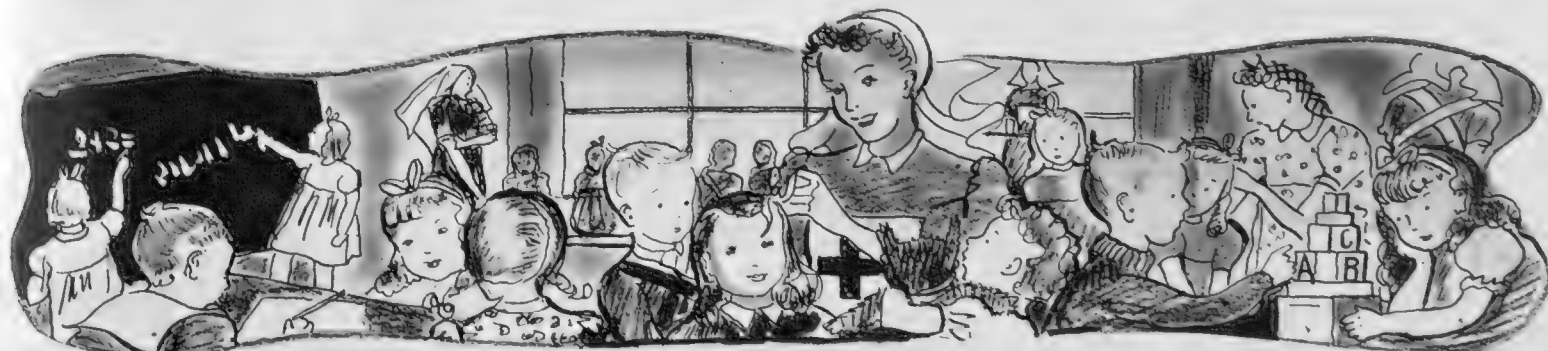
arranged to coincide with the busiest part of the day. Recently the authorities have put on another hour's work, so that the first shift stays until 4 p.m. and the second shift comes on at 10 a.m.

I am told by one full-time worker, who used to be attached to a first-aid post near by, that she now receives eight shillings less a week than the women who are still attached to these first-aid posts, although they have had no first-aid work to speak of during the entire war. I dare say all the model day-nurseries are run on the same lines as this one, which is divided into three sections—the babies, the toddlers and the two-to-fives. The staff consists of matron, sister, a trained nurse and several juniors who have just left school and are referred to as "nurse." Personally, I think this is a very serious mistake on the part of the authorities. A nursery is not a hospital and these girls are not nurses in the recognised sense of the word, although they attend a few lectures a week and mind the babies. Then there are full-time paid workers, which in this case includes a fully-trained and much-experienced teacher for the older children. Lastly, there are the voluntary unpaid workers.

The nursery is open from 7 a.m. till 7 p.m. When the children arrive in the morning each one is bathed and changed into nursery clothes. There are two bathrooms—one for the babies and one for the older



ON DUTY





I

kept my

It is a fact of life that other people's problems are far more easily solved than our own. That quality of detachment which can only be brought to bear upon things not too intimately connected with personal affairs is a fine stimulant. Other people's problems make demands upon our wisdom, while our own problems make demands upon our emotions. This is why it is so often easier, to see the way out for other people.

If you go around with your ears open, you hear a lot. I keep my ears open because overheard life is fascinating, and because the challenge of other people's affairs and other people's reactions is irresistible. I *have* to listen.

Here are some examples of what I hear. These are problems which must be reproducing themselves in many places just now . . .



I was drinking coffee in an hotel lounge just recently. Behind me was a naval officer and a girl. It was his wife, as I could tell from the scrap of conversation which floated out to me.

"What I want to know," he was saying, "is why do I have to hear these things from other people?"

"You don't," she said. "I would have told you myself, but I was afraid you wouldn't believe that we were just friends."

That was all. I took my coffee somewhere else, but the little picture that conversation presented persisted in my mind.

She was young and pretty, and her voice made it clear that she was frightened and inclined, as we all are on the defensive, to be defiant.

Another wartime Platonic friendship, no doubt. She was used to a male escort, and her husband was a long time away. Possibly her conscience was a little uneasy about having good times while he was putting up with it all. It seemed easier to say nothing about the other man. Her husband would never know.

Then there came the inevitable busybody. You can't get away from them now when the people who like trouble are having such a haymaking time of it.

It was probably quite an innocent affair. Why not? It was the concealment of it that made it look ugly.

It puts a nice problem in discretion and loyalty to all wives who are separated by the war from their men. Must they deny themselves the pleasure of a male escort occasionally? I would say no. On the other

hand, women have to remember that, when a man is away in the thick of it all and the one comfort in life is the thought of a woman back home, he has to be rather more than human to accept the fact, complacently, that somebody else is free to give her the run-around.

If there is a complete solution to the matter, it must lie in perfect candour. However innocent the other affair may be, furtiveness makes it appear otherwise. A woman who says to her husband: "I won't do this if you disapprove, neither will I do it without your knowledge," puts the onus where it should rightly be, upon him. If he says "No," she must accept it gallantly, or . . . But that's another story.

The best of us are occasionally unkind and unbending to those we love the most. Is it a kind of vanity in us that makes us want to see the loved one hurt, or is it that love is so often and so secretly a selfish emotion?

Here was a case I overheard in a doctor's surgery. Two women were discussing the affairs of the daughter of one of them. The mother said: "She wrote to say they were getting married on his next forty-eight hours' leave, and that, as it was so short, they would get it over quietly somewhere and have nobody there. I wrote back that if she wanted to treat her parents in that way, acting as though she were ashamed of us—and us so well known in the district—she could keep away, and not expect me to be interested in such a hole-and-corner affair."

Here was a sweet, rather motherly-seeming woman on the whole, but I caught an ugly little twist on her lips as she spoke. She was plainly in the grip of an emotion that required all her self-control and all her unselfish love, and she was falling down on it.

If you were to analyse her reactions, you could only conclude that this was temper, with more than a dash of jealousy—parental variety—thrown in. She was hurting herself as much as she was hurting the girl, whom I imagined to be away in one of the Services and feeling a little diffident about breaking the news, hoping for support and understanding, then getting this.

I can't presume to express an opinion of the girl's actions. She was probably justified. Only the full circumstances would show, but whatever the facts, her mother's attitude was unworthy and, emotionally, a waste, because the quarrel won't last. Of course, they will make it up, but the ugly residue remains. It is a bad omen for the future relationship of the new husband and his wife's people. It was unnecessary, and it was all because one devoted mother had forgotten, for the moment, how to love selflessly.



ears open



Generosity and loyalty crop up as frequently as other emotions, if you keep your ears open to everything.

Two women were talking in an A.R.P. Post.

"She's my friend," one was saying, "but she makes me tired. She doesn't care who goes without in this war, so long as it isn't herself. She knows somebody in the provision trade, and gets quantities of food; she is in all the black markets for clothes, and, of course, as they have plenty of money, she doesn't mind what she pays above the official price, so long as she gets it. I wouldn't dream of giving her away, but I resent it when some people are sacrificing so much."

That was a poser, I admit.

Are you being disloyal in giving information against your best friend when something as serious as victory is at stake? How far does loyalty have to go to cease being a virtue? I have discussed this problem with many people.

Some stoics say "you should tell," others say "you couldn't possibly tell," but, on the whole, the general consensus of opinion is that our old friend, compromise, is the only possible thing to fit a delicate case. One would have to be prepared possibly to sacrifice a valued friendship, but there is no other way out.

To be true to yourself and to abide by the rules of friendship, you can only go to this woman and tell her flatly that you would hate to do anything behind her back, but that unless she improved her ways, you intended to inform against her.

This would not be easy, I own. It might be the end of your friendship. It might also work.

I was in a factory-canteen recently when a voice behind me said: "Well, I said to him, if I can't spend my money on myself, who *can* I spend it on? I earn it, don't I?"

I looked round and there was a woman, with her smart, short hair tucked into a factory-cap, and wearing also a rather aggressive poise which had the unmistakable quality of being newly acquired. You could tell from a certain brittle gaiety in her manner that she had got the bit between her teeth and meant to keep it there.

So far as I was concerned, the conversation ended there, but not the interest. I sensed a problem of a more or less familiar kind in these times—that is, the problem of the wife with a new-found independence, who thinks that because of it she can paddle her own canoe.

I should have liked to tell that self-possessed young woman that financial independence does not even begin to make you independent of the man you love, if you really love him.

Money gives you one sort of power, but it is a two-edged weapon. This young woman of the factory-canteen will ultimately find out that, gratifying as her new feeling of power may be, it is a very flimsy shield. Independence is good in its way, until you find yourself left alone with it, and, at that point, you discover that there are many other things more important to happiness.

By. Winifred Lewis

Here is another problem that keeps arising. I heard it again just recently in a railway carriage, between two women.

"I'm thirty-five," said one. "I know the war has aged me. I feel I have lost so much youth in the last three-and-a-half years; and it is still going. It is a bit frightening, because I can't afford to lose time at this stage of life."

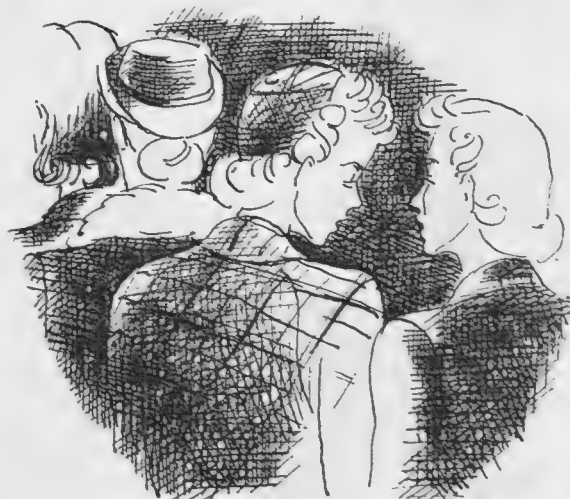
She was still an attractive woman. There were fine lines about her eyes and mouth, some grey hairs, and that indefinable quality of tension that you see in faces everywhere. Just the same, as I see it, she was worrying needlessly. Her philosophy needed checking.

We cannot deny that the bloom of youth has gone for many of us in these years, but we have gained something else. Speaking for this woman in particular, and for most women in general, I would say that her looks had acquired a softer, more significant quality.

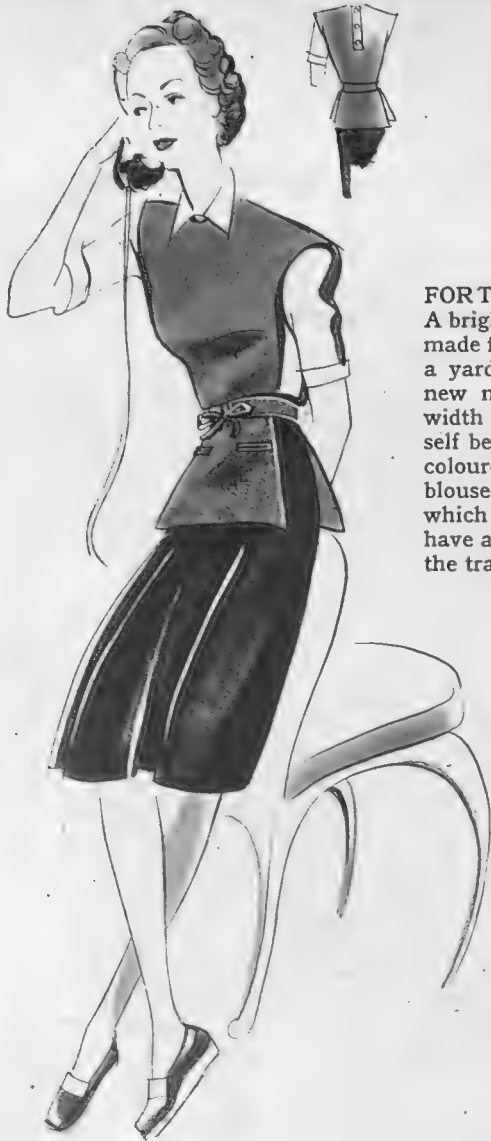
We are not so young, but we are emotionally richer. Suffering and experience confer their own beauty. They certainly confer a poise to which careless youth, however dazzling, is a stranger.

The power to charm—which is what women worry about—is not all a matter of facial loveliness, probably less so than we think. Vitality and intelligence are first things; a well-cared-for and healthy body is next.

Anyway, you seldom hear women, of any age, talking about spare tyres. Skin troubles, figure troubles, many troubles due to over-indulgence and a soft life are out, so what are a few grey hairs but honourable scars?



The interest we all take in other people's problems lies in the probability that they may one day be our own



FOR THE USEFUL LIFE. A brightly coloured jerkin made from an old dress or a yard and a quarter of new material (using the width downwards). A self belt ties in front with coloured shoelaces. The blouse or dress over which you wear it should have a shirt collar, to give the traditional sports line.

DRESS:

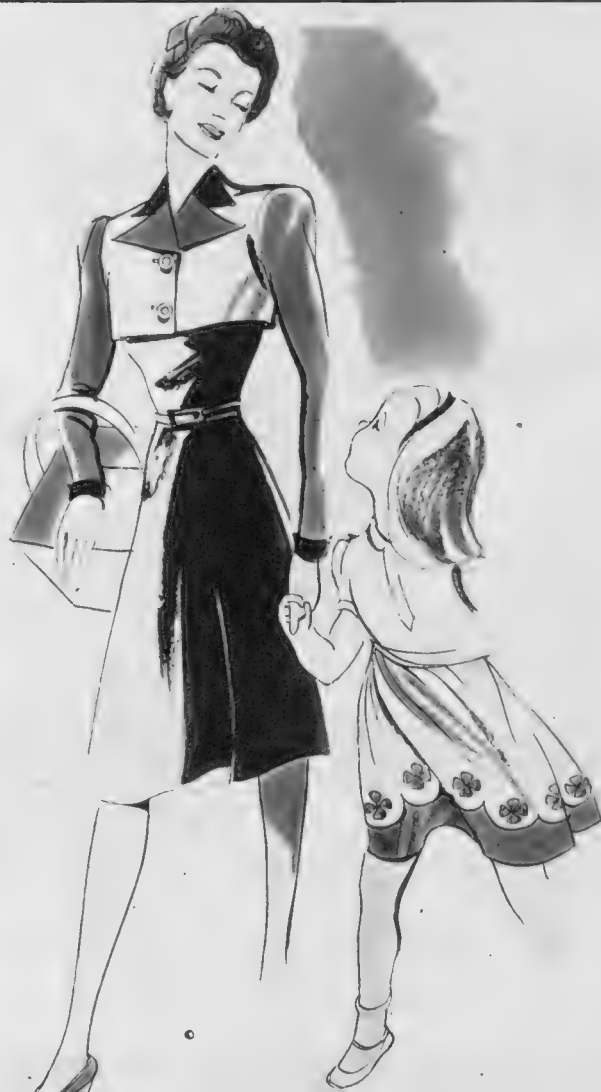
By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

LITTLE BLACK FROCK. Four-point plan for variety. At right: White, frothy lace frills, as worn by the best movie secretaries. Wear no more than twice, then launder. The trouble and the few soap-flakes involved are worth the young, fresh look they bestow. On facing page: A decorative braid goes around the collar and cuffs and outlines hips, pretending to be a basque. The two smaller sketches are, of course, basques, which tie around as belts. The first is black satin, for dressy times; the second, with matching collar, in check woollen, becomes a go-anywhere frock.



TWO-TONES. The two-tone woollen frock and coat was a far-seeing piece of styling. The gaiety of the colour-change recompenses for the current severity of line, and there is the ready-made basis for endless renovation. A dark wool frock becomes new and beguiling by the skilful addition of colour. Here, a new dickey collar and yoke band, a deep gathered hip panel, turned an old dirndl dress into Something.

IT'S NEARLY SPRING. The dress you wore beneath your winter coat is tired out round the neck, beneath the arms. Give it Spring sparkle with a zippy two-colour, attached bolero top; as you see at the right. On a navy dress, say, fuchsia and Madonna-blue; over brown, tan and leaf-green; over black, almost anything. Mix how you like anyway, the rainbow is the limit for colour alliances.





WHY, ISN'T THAT . . . ? Yes, indeed, it is that venerable check scarf you had two springs before the war. It has been cut in two, attached to the shoulders of a dress, seamed to shape at the waist, with the ends turned up to form deep pockets. Below, observe how a few bright velvet patch-like buttonholes enliven a wool cardigan that was beginning to get hardening of the arteries.



1



2



3



4

1. Copy a soldier's forage-cap in cloth or felt, and weigh it down one side with a heavy tassel made of left-over wools.
2. A low-hanging snood, titivated with rows of crocheted loops, in self or contrast colour. This looks different and gives body.
3. We go to parties in a short frock and street coat; then, for glamour, add a delicate head-scarf. There is no more to this one than a straight piece of black lace, with a frilly edge, but, fixed with a star, thrown over one shoulder, it has allure.
4. This snug little affair is just a crocheted or knitted semi-circle, with the straight edge tightened a little. It clings to the head, the ends cross over, button through, and the whole falls into flattering side folds.
5. Your husband's white silk evening scarf can become a show-piece turban. Start to twist just by the ears, outwards from the head, and continue around to one side; then tie, and let the uneven ends hang.



5

Good Looks

You Should Do These Routines

Either all on one grand beauty-care along the week when you have together or singly, they must

Face. (For greasy skins.) Necessary: a bowl of boiling water; a tablespoonful of flowers of sulphur mixed into a paste with a few spoonfuls of hot water; a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin. Mix the flowers of sulphur paste into the boiling water, and, lightly bandaging your eyes, hold your face over the steaming bowl encased in a towel.

When the skin feels soft and moist, remove the towel and gently wipe the face with a piece of cotton wool.

Repeat the process, only this time have boiling water to which the benzoin has been added. Steam for a few minutes, then sponge the face with the water, which has been cooled to a moderate temperature.

A dry or normal skin should have one or two good nourishment treatments each week, rather than an ineffectual smear of skin-food each night. In your bath, if possible, or after slight steaming, apply your cream and, with gentle but firm persistence, massage until it is absorbed. There should be no surplus to wipe off when you have finished, but if your face is greasy, slap it gently with Clovermilk, an emollient tonic with a slightly astringent quality. It helps to dry away the last vestige of skin food, and leaves a fresh and cool surface for sleep or make-up.



Manicure. Necessary: one bowl of hot, soapy water; nail-file; emery-board; vaseline; peroxide; orange-stick; nail-brush; cotton wool. Gently shape the tips of the nails into a smooth finger-tip, following oval with a file or an emery-board. Don't file corners. Soak your two hands in the hot, soapy water. Take hands out of the water, dry, and then massage vaseline into the cuticles, working them well down, leaving the vaseline on for the time being.

Now submerge the hands again, and gently brush the nails so that all vaseline is removed. Take out and dry hands, and cleanse the cuticles with orange-stick tipped with cotton wool which has been soaked in peroxide of hydrogen.

Pass this under the white of the nails too, in order to get any loose skin away. Brush the nails again to remove any vestige of peroxide, then dry the hands thoroughly, and polish the nails in the manner you prefer.

Do not cut or bruise the cuticles, ever. Do not pass any rough metal, such as a file, under the tip of the nails, thinking you are cleaning them—it will only scratch the nails and make the dirt that works its way there find nice little hiding holes.

Shampoo. Necessary: hot water; towels; vaseline or castor-oil; shampoo, the best you can get. If you are prepared for a long session, apply the heated vaseline to the roots of your hair, and then cover the head with hot towels, repeatedly changing the towels as they cool. (Castor-oil will do instead of vaseline if you can endure the odour.) If you would rather

do this the night before, and shampoo in the morning, apply the oil, or vaseline, and leave on overnight. But, in any case, after the oil or vaseline application has been completed, get down to the shampoo.

Divide it into two, and use the first half, thoroughly massaging it into the roots of the hair. Rinse, then use the other portion of shampoo, leaving it on the head for several minutes. Rinse off thoroughly.

Dry the hair by rubbing with a hot towel, if you cannot use a blower or the sun. In the right season, nothing can improve on Nature's heat.

You will most likely want to set your own hair in your own particular style—do so; but occasionally let your hair dry naturally in the air, with the air and sun (if possible) getting between the strands to the scalp. You can damp and re-set the hair afterwards.



Pedicure. Necessary: everything as used in a manicure, and, in addition, a pair of scissors; a pumice-stone; if you have one; zinc ointment and vaseline mixed in equal parts; iodine. Soak the feet well in the hot, soapy water.

Vaseline the cuticles and under the nails, cutting the nails first. If there is any tendency towards ingrowing toe-nails, cut them perfectly straight, with a tiny V towards the centre of the nail.

Good Health **YOU DO THIS**

You can live without food for weeks if necessary. You can live without water for a while. But if you stop breathing for more than a few moments, you will cease to exist.

Every normal person breathes from sixteen to eighteen times each minute; yet about 50 per cent. only half-breathe, which means that they keep themselves alive, but only half alive. They suffer from general debility, fatigue and sluggishness.

The lungs are a sponge-like structure. The bronchi tree-out into air-filled passages, at the end of which are tiny, balloon-like structures with thin walls; and it is in these that the dark-blue blood, carrying many of the body's toxins, is cleansed, filled with oxygen, and continues on its journey to the heart, and then back through the body.

When it leaves the lungs, it is a clear, bright red again; the poisons which made it dark have been passed through to the air passages of the lungs, in the form of an invisible gas, and are exuded when you breathe out. If you stop to think of this cleansing process, which is continually going on in your body, you will realise the intrinsic importance of the art of breathing correctly.

It has been said that you can rid the body of influenza germs and completely cure an incipient attack of 'flu if you will do half-an-hour's continuous breathing exercises, so that the blood-stream is completely cleansed and the lungs germ-free.

It is certain that you can give your body that extra zest of energy by thoroughly cleansing the blood-stream when it filters into the balloon-like structures to be cleansed and refuelled sixteen times each minute. How do you breathe?

Once A Week

night or scattered time. But, done all be done regularly

Always have your toe-nails cut and filed fairly short and straight. After working the vaseline well in, return the foot to the hot water and work on the other foot.

Scrub the first foot when both have been vaselined; and having got all vaseline off the first foot, dry and work around the cuticles and under the nail-tip with peroxide—as in a manicure. Then smooth off the nails with an emery board, and pumice any hard skin or callous.

Soft corns should be massaged with the zinc and vaseline mixture, and an application of this left on the corn when the feet are finished. If you have already applied this for the last few nights, now paint the corn with iodine.



SIXTEEN TIMES A MINUTE

Place your hands on your lower ribs, finger-tips touching over your diaphragm; now take a deep breath in your usual manner. Does your chest stick out, bosom up, and your diaphragm sink in as ribs move upwards? That is the usual fault in breathing. People fill the pockets at the top of the chest, and entirely ignore and neglect the lower half of the lungs. Shoulders should never rise when you are breathing.

Now try again and breathe correctly.

Place your hands as before and, while you breathe in, let the ribs expand outwards so that your finger-tips are moved apart, it is the strength of the chest and diaphragm muscles that regulate the breath—then let the breath out slowly, so that the ribs relax and fall into their usual position, finger-tips retouching.

Singers, who have the most perfect control of their diaphragm muscles, will hold the diaphragm extended while breathing out, because this helps a slower exhalation, and gives the breath-power for those long-sustained notes. The ribs, if allowed to collapse when breathing out, will eject the air more forcefully, and that is just what the singer wishes to avoid. So he or she does breathing exercises, which give such strength to the diaphragm muscles that, contrary to Nature, the diaphragm can be held out and ribs apart even while the breath is being slowly let out.

Now the average person, whose only interest in breathing is to give the body that other 50 per cent. of vitality through having a perfectly-cleansed blood-stream, will not want to do a singer's breathing exercises. On the other hand, a strong diaphragm will help your breathing too, so do not spurn the more tricky exercises as being unnecessary.

If you had to wash a sponge, you would fill it with water and squeeze it out again as tightly as possible, repeatedly.

Vitamin

VALUES

PROTEINS AND SALTS are necessary to build up the body tissues. Growing persons need these more than older persons. Meat, fish, milk, cheese and eggs are chief sources; also vegetable sources are maize, rice, nuts, etc.

CARBOHYDRATES. These, the body's fuel for energy and heat, are in two classes: the simple sugar class and the starch class of cereals—rice, maize, oatmeal, potatoes, parsnips, peas and beans.

FATS. The other main source of energy—in all animal fats and in butter, margarine and vegetable oils.

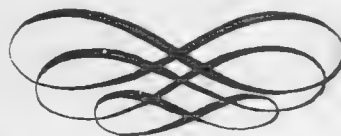
MINERALS. Look to your calcium and iron, and the rest will edge themselves into your diet simultaneously. Green-leaf vegetables, bread, milk and cheese, liver and eggs.

VITAMIN A. (Children need this far more than adults.) The eyes, skin and mucous membrane vitamin is in carrots, green vegetables, milk, butter and fish fats. Sprats and herrings are rich in it.

VITAMINS B AND B₁. These are included in the bread of the country now; also in bacon, porridge, peas, beans and whole cereals. Also in spinach, raw cabbage, carrots, turnips and fish. Adults need these twice as much as children.

VITAMIN C. Potatoes, fresh fruits, watercress, tomatoes, raw cabbage and any raw vegetables that can be used in salad, shredded. This prevents scurvy and helps flesh to heal. Cooking destroys it.

VITAMIN D. The sunshine and anti-rickets vitamin is contained in fish oils, egg, milk, butter and margarine. Children need nearly ten times the amount that grown-ups do. Therefore, cod-liver oil is an essential part of wartime diet for them.



The diaphragm muscles will help you to squeeze out your lungs, emptying all the poisonous gases into the air outside, and not allowing them to linger, hindering the cleansing processes and cluttering up the passages.

You must also learn to breathe deeply, filling every nook and cranny of your lungs, whenever you are in fresh air; and if you are not in fresh air for a generous part of the day, make it a habit to spend at least half an hour, night and morning, out of doors, breathing deeply.

Or at least go to your window before retiring and do a good ten minutes deep breathing.

One or two breaths, then, are not sufficient. They only remove a particle of the blood's carbon-dioxide, and only refill the merest portion of the blood-stream with oxygen. A very small percentage of the blood-stream is in the lungs for a given breath.

As a lung and diaphragm conditioner, however, you may care to take the time and trouble to do a routine of special breathing exercises.

Their main objective is to strengthen muscles which will then control breathing; to squeeze out the far-away recesses of the lungs, and to fill them up again; and to open up those disused portions of the lungs that most likely never see a breath of fresh air from week to week. We can send these to you.

Health and Beauty: By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Hand Knitteds Conserve Coupons



MATERIALS

7 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 3-ply, beige ;
1 oz. contrast 3-ply ; No. 10 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ;
sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Cast on 104 sts. in beige. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 ins. Continue rib and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 136 sts. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 112 sts. Now work rib on first 16 sts. for 3 ins. Leave on spare needle. Work

3 ins. on next 16 sts. S. these on to the spare needle that already has 16 sts. on it. Continue to work 3 ins. on groups of 16 sts. all along row until 7 are worked and all sts. used up. Now S. all sts. on

one needle and work straight in rib until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving

40 sts. Cast off. Pick up 116 sts. along wrong side of yoke, 2 rows below start of slits, and work stocking st. in contrast for 3½ ins. Cast off.

THE BACK

Work as front until the slits for yoke are reached, then work 3½ ins. rib and no slits, then divide in half by working on 56 sts. only until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of every other row at outside edge 4 times. Cast off remaining sts. Cast on 4 sts. at centre edge and work other half to correspond, having 4 sts. extra to cast off at finish.

THE SLEEVES (Two alike)

Cast on 56 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 80 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 26 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Hem contrast strips invisibly to wrong side. Sew on buttons and make loops to fasten. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Gather together each grey strip at centre of slit and sew together.

LARGER SIZES

2 ozs. more grey is needed.

(Continued on page 63)

MATERIALS

5 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 3-ply wool in bottle ; 4 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 2-ply wool in pink ; Nos. 10 and 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; sleeve seam, 18 ins. (allowing for pouch).

TENSION (No. 10 needles)

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Cast on 106 sts. with No. 10 needles and 3-ply wool. Work * k. 4, p. 2. Repeat from * to end, ending k. 4.
2nd row.—* p. 4, k. 2. Repeat from * to end (wrong side). Repeat these 2 rows, and when 4 ins. are worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 138 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 106 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 14 rows, leaving 36 sts. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 60 sts. with No. 10 needles and 3-ply. Work rib as in back for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at left edge of work only on next and every 4th row until there are 16 increases and 76 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row until there are 60 sts. K. 2 tog. on neck edge on next and every other row until there are 35 sts. Work a few rows to make armholes 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left, but work a buttonhole as follows : on 3rd row k. 2, cast off 3, p. 1 rib to end.
(Continued on page 63)



GREEN JERKIN, WITH
FULL PINK SLEEVES AND
DETACHABLE DICKEY-COLLAR

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit ; P. = purl ; M. = make ;
S. = slip ; St. = stitch or stitches ;
Tog. = together ; Beg. = beginning.

Reviewed by
Noel Thompson

Also included are many new first-hand stories, and a fine description of a visit to wartime Ireland and of a bombing raid which he took part in off the coast of Norway. He is a loss.

Even the most unlucky adventures cannot remove Ursula Bloom's sense of humour, as is evidenced by her latest book, "No Lady Buys a Cot" (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.). In her further adventures No Lady, twice bombed out, buys a cottage in Buckinghamshire and starts on a packet of troubles, with the removal, the boiler, the hens, the fountain, the decorations and domestics. This is two hours of pleasant escapism to be read in comfortable surroundings.

The early days to the blitz form a background to "Brave Music" by Dorothy Upson (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). This novel, dedicated to Hermione Gingold, is a tale of on and off the stage with young star Barbara Barton, playwright Brian Thorne, Mrs. Malaprop-like dresser Mrs. Trigg, Squadron-Leader Tony Osborne and his mother gradually forming a first-class team in whose adventures you are really interested, thanks to a rare mixture of common sense and humour and writing ability shown by the authoress. And I found the ending excellently done. One word of correction. In the early days described was it not the L.D.V., and not the Home Guard?

FOR the most part the rest of the books on my list avoid the war. First comes Eden Phillpotts's "Flower of the Gods" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), a murder mystery which defies Scotland Yard but is eventually solved by the laws of nature.

In this unusual tale the murdered man is the naturalist and explorer of eccentric nature, Simon Parr. Suspected may be his step-daughter Erica, his nephew the lazy Felix, faithful Peruvian servant Carlos Costa, equally faithful and devoted gardener Adam Hogg, and the secretary-author of the book. All are so obviously innocent that I guessed the murderer but not the secret of his crime, which is revealed in the dénouement. Its wrapping up is probably the best part of this parcel.

J. D. Beresford takes two very different twin brothers and compares their lives from 1880 up to and into the present war in his "The Long View" (Hutchinson, 9s.). Bob is the practical twin who is bound to succeed in business with his boundless confidence, brain and energy. From a clerk in an insurance office he rises by way of advertising to become a leader in the motor-car industry. His private life, and that of his family, follow according to type and the normal view of success. His brother Stephen is the dreamer and visionary whose love is romantic and long delayed. He spends his life

happily as a school master and finally gets his own school in which to teach according to his idealist views, which he does successfully. This is an excellent piece of contemporary portraiture and there is a lesson behind it for those who want to draw one. And it rings true.

Of an earlier age is "Punch's Boy" by Carmel Haden Guest (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). This moves with a combination of speed and charm through the tale of Nicky, who runs away from home where his uncle is trying to sell him as an acrobat, to London where he falls in with Piccini, now a decrepit old man, his triumphs as the man who introduced Punch and Judy almost forgotten. As a waif on the London streets he meets all sorts of characters in those early days of the nineteenth century and is at last thrown into Newgate on a false accusation. The picture of the gaol life is vivid and not without humour. Eventually he gets a job with a touring company of actors, always his ambition since seeing Edmund Kean. (Continued on page 60)

Books:

ONE of the Russian names made prominent by the war is that of Ilya Ehrenburg. Millions have read his brilliant cables from the fighting front, and his colourful articles. He won the Stalin Prize for 1942 with his "The Fall of Paris" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). I do not know what the opposition was, but I judge that he deserved it.

More accurately this is the story of the fall of France told from 1935 onwards against a background of the lives of workers, of climbers, of plotting politicians, and of the Fascists. These lives are skilfully woven into the picture in which big parts are played by the honest financier Dessier, the professional politician Tessa, and his good-for-nothing son, Lucien, the old Socialist Villard and several living leaders. Naturally the workers part and their betrayal is prominent right up to the opening days of the war, when France is revealed as thoroughly disorganised and utterly unprepared, a war that no Frenchman wanted or could raise enthusiasm for, so often had they been misled.

This is a powerful and fascinating novel and credit is due also to the translator, Gerard Shelley.

BERNARD GRAY was an old acquaintance of mine in Fleet Street and his presumed death came as a shock. He was the type you expected to come through anything. Now his posthumous book, "War Reporter" (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.), has been published and it exceeds my expectations, high as they were. It is full of good stuff about the early days of the war in France which the uninitiated can easily read and digest and the more knowledgeable can study with profit and enjoyment. Like every other journalist he missed Dunkirk, but he was at the second getaway of troops from a port and tells a vivid story.

A Lesson for Town Dwellers

HOW many people have ever thought about the people of the British countryside on whom we so much depend now? On their history, traditions, literature and skill? Town dwellers, who are particularly ignorant, and are in fact the villains of H. J. Massingham's "The English Countryman" (Batsford, 16s.) should take this opportunity to remedy their ignorance. I have done so with gratitude for, and enjoyment of, a book written as a result of first-class knowledge and long study of the subject. It is also most beautifully and plentifully illustrated.

Mr. Massingham divides his subject into six, the Peasant, the Yeoman, the Craftsman, the Labourer, the Squire, and the Parson. He traces the part played, and the history of each, thereby tracing, too, in a most remarkable way, many of the characteristics which go to make up the typical British character, few of which traits came from the town dweller. It is written with an admirable vigour if with a well-deserved (and controlled) bias. The final chapter on The British Tradition is an earnest plea outlining how salvation can yet come to the countryside, and deserves study by every thinking person. This is a first-class production.



TWO badgers meet, each having pursued a recognised path through the wood. (From a flash-light photograph by the author)

ONE of my earliest recollections of wild life is that of a winter evening in a Cornish garden, the air keen and frosty, and a large portly badger pushing its way beneath the evergreens and questing across the lawn.

That, of course, was many years ago. But since then, Brock and I have met on many occasions, especially during the last twenty-five years—the period which I have devoted to the study and photography of wild creatures in general, but of the badger in particular.

Most of my observations have been carried out in my native county of Cornwall, where I have always been privileged to live in a badger-haunted district. As a matter of fact my garden is bounded on the east and south by a

Secrets from the **Badger Sett**

Written and Illustrated
By B. Melville Nicholas

coppice, in the very centre of which there is a huge sandy burrow, where, for generations, badgers have had their headquarters.

And what a place this old burrow is! Massive tunnels run back into the ground to a depth of over a hundred feet, while many tons of sandy soil outside the entrances serve to testify how generation after generation have dug and delved in order to drive the shafts farther and farther into the bank.

It is a lovely spot, where few but the wild creatures ever come, but ideal for the shy, elusive badger. Of course, the population of mammals and birds in the coppice is a representative one, with pheasants and woodcock in considerable numbers. There are the usual resident species such as woodpeckers, jays, owls and woodpigeons, while a stream that wends its way through the coppice frequently attracts various species of duck, as well as an occasional otter.

From the badger sett to the stream there is a well-used path on which, especially after a rainfall, can be clearly seen the broad pad-marks of the badgers that have journeyed to and fro under the cloak of night. Only very few times in my long experience have I ever noticed the neat dog-like footprints of the fox on this particular highway. Foxes do, however, occupy a number of earths in the coppice, but they and the badgers have never indulged in communal dwellings and, so far as footprints reveal, only very seldom use the same paths.

The badger always keeps, so far as is practicable, to its own particular routes, and the different generations that have inhabited the sett of which I am writing have pursued the very same paths through the coppice for as long as I can remember. However, during the passage of the last twenty-five years one or two new highways have come into use, but the old routes, traversed by ancestors, have never been forsaken.

HER nocturnal prowls often ended with a drink from the stream—then home to sleep away the night's good fare



ON the threshold of his fortress. The badger likes to get home from his nightly prowls well before sunrise—look for his pad-marks

A very interesting thing about the badger is its habit of constantly pausing as it travels about the countryside, and as it sits down, leaving a slight trace of its scent behind. By doing this the animal is able to travel long distances and thus be guided back along the same trail. Of course, the badger possesses a scent gland, and on many occasions I have noticed a spot (a sort of rusty-looking smear) on the soil where the badger has sat, from which issues a strong odour, unmistakably advertising the badger's movements.

Only twice have I caught sight of a badger moving about by day. It is strictly a nocturnal creature, seldom leaving its underground fortress until night has fallen, and returning home again before there is any hint of dawn in the eastern sky. This, of course, increases the difficulties of the observer as well as the photographer and has resulted in my spending scores of nights in the lonely dingle.

No matter whether I am merely watching badgers or attempting to photograph them, I prefer to work from a hide. Some

observers, however, would rather conceal themselves behind a tree trunk or prostrate themselves on the ground, but as my hide is quite light and portable, I prefer it to any other method. It consists of four six-foot poles (jointed in the middle for easy carrying) which are pushed firmly into the ground, enclosing an area of about twelve square feet. The tops of the poles are kept in position by a light wire frame, and the whole structure covered with waterproof canvas, cut to (Continued on page 61)





Spring Cleaning . .

This will fall pretty heavily on cleaning materials this year. A good slogan in the circumstances is "see how easily it can be done, not how hard you can work."

Annual house cleaning brings you sharply up against the shortage of soap and cleaning agents. This

indicates the need to conserve them for a while.

To make soap go further use soft water or rain water if you can get it for all cleaning tasks. Otherwise add ammonia to the tap water to assist its cleaning properties.

One lot of hot soapy water can be used for a number of jobs beginning, say, with the satin cushion covers and finishing with the floor mop.

For all kinds of household cleaning Octim is a splendid preparation to have at hand. This is a powder cleansing agent which dissolves in hot water. It cleans baths, sinks, paintwork, floorboards—nearly everything that needs cleansing. It can also be used for washing clothes and for removing the stains and dirt from carpets. It is perfectly safe and does not injure the hands in any way. Most good household stores have it and the price is 1s. 10½d.

Make this the time for small repairs around the home as well as for cleaning. Renew worn tap washers. This is a perfectly simple job for the amateur to do with the aid of a book of words. Go round with an oil can and anoint all locks, hinges and the working parts of the suction cleaner, the sewing machine and all other gadgets. This is a small precaution against later breakdowns which may be far beyond your own powers to deal with.

Colour . . Professional redecorating is out for most homes, but a new colour scheme is feasible for plucky amateurs. Old curtains and covers re-dyed combine with distemper to make a new background for spring. Here are some colour harmonies worth remembering.

Re-dyeing calls for dark colours but these need not necessarily be dull.

Light navy or dark royal, if you prefer, is good with distempered walls of pale blue. Strong accents of plum and puce make the interest.

Light curtains or covers can be dyed to dark green, which looks well against walls of mushroom pink and colour accents of shrill candy pink around the room. A braid edging of the pink for the curtains is an idea and costs no coupons.

Most light fabrics dye a good wine shade. Put this against walls distempered turquoise blue and use curtains or colour details of rich blue-green.

On the whole colour harmony is safer than colour contrast unless one is gifted with a special flair for decorating. Colours should be regulated in accordance with the size of the room. A strong colour combination of unusual tones is not suitable for a small room. These require softer, more retiring effects.

A one-colour background effect from floor to ceiling is more restful to the eye in a small room than, say, a broken effect

between ceiling and wall and wall and woodwork. In larger rooms the grading of colours should go from light at the top to a darker shade at the base. It is also a fact that glossy surfaces for woodwork and walls have the effect of increasing spaciousness, while matt surfaces reduce them.

Garden . . Time for sowing onions, broad beans, lettuce, carrots and early peas. The right moment, in fact, for getting down to planning the season's vegetable campaign. Consider last year's results. Were they satisfactory or not? Can they be improved upon and how?

Think about trying out some unfamiliar vegetables this year, something easy to grow beside the old stand-bys. New varieties of vegetables give a welcome lift to menus.

For the South of England, the Heading Chinese cabbage is good. You plant it in June or July and eat during winter. It is good cooked in the usual manner and even better shredded for winter salads.

Kohl rabi is a root vegetable resembling turnip. For spring sowing.

Coleworts are worth considering, too. These are small hearty cabbages which take up little space.

Butter beans are easy to grow in a sunny season. Sow at the end of April. They can be eaten young, like french beans, or left in the pod on the plant until it is yellow and then dried.

It would be a good move this month to plan a better distribution of garden space for the summer. An adequate store of winter vegetables depends entirely upon the discreet use of space and the right measures of sowing in the spring. So plan your gardening on paper, now. A common fault has been to occupy too much space with summer salad growths which, vitally important as they are, can frequently be cut down without inconvenience, allowing more space for the root crops.



The IDEAS of MARCH



House . .

It is important to fuel targets to keep cookers clean and uncorroded inside. Daily cleaning, notwithstanding a spring offensive, still brings out hidden dirt. Remove detachable parts from the top and soak them in hot strong soda water to remove grease. Clean out the little pipes that connect with the burners. These are important.

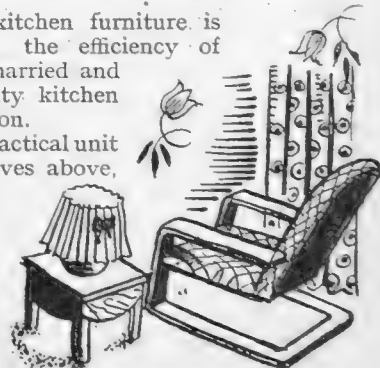
When cleaning the sides of the oven don't overlook the roof. It is important that all walls should be spotless, as corrosion interferes with the radiation of heat.

Send the electric kettle to the Electric Light Company to be "defurred." The charge is small and the result saves time and fuel.

Furniture generally needs a spring overhaul. Make a sharp inspection for woodworm which may be there without your knowing. Renew worn casters which fray carpets and tear linoleum. Tighten the webbing which supports chair springs; darn thin patches in upholstery with self-coloured wool or thread or make small slip covers for worn arms and greasy backs from odd lengths of cretonne or old heavy curtains.

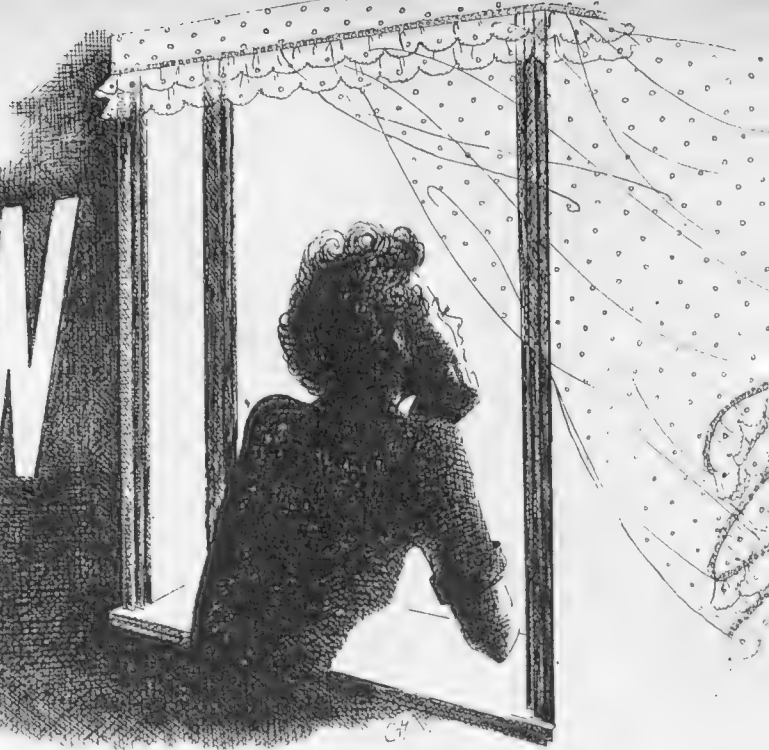
Good economically designed kitchen furniture is a strong factor in improving the efficiency of daily chores. For the newly married and others entitled to have it, Utility kitchen furniture is well worth inspection.

The kitchen cabinet is a very practical unit with a cupboard and good shelves above, and a shelved cupboard and three drawers below the linoleum covered table top, which is 20 in. deep. The whole thing is 2 ft. 9 in. wide—a useful size for the small kitchen—and the price is £11 10s. 6d.



A CHANGE OF VIEW

By Margaret Leigh



New conventions, new habits and new viewpoints are ahead of us in the world of after the war. Upon our ability to adjust ourselves to them depends the ease, and perhaps the success, of all our futures.

Something we should have learned from this war is the wisdom of logical and sane forethought. The old danger of putting the cart before the horse must be acknowledged. All right, we acknowledge it and the necessity of winning the war before we start upon the problems of peace, but some thought must be given to that vital Afterwards, unless we are, individually, to be caught, yet again, on the wrong foot.

Even now, fundamental changes of outlook have crept into our way of life. We may be aware of them or not, but they are there and they are there to stay. For this reason, we must be ready to accept new views and to be alert for the changing tempo which lies ahead.

Class distinctions have suffered a vital change under the levelling influences of war.

Women have worked at factory benches side by side in good companionship with women who would not normally, perhaps, have come within their social sphere. We have worn the same uniforms and shared the same dangers and, in doing this, we have learned that in the name of justice we can never again draw the old frumpish distinctions.

This means a readjustment of traditions that go really deep into everyday life. It applies to women in regard to nearly everything including the clothes they wear, the privileges they cherish, the servants they employ and the places in which they work.

Clothes always reflect the changing scene. That is nothing new, but to-day the change in fashion shows a sound and economic swing towards simplicity and better quality.

Women are paying more for their clothes. They have to; but high prices are making them more selective. It is not an overstatement to say that the average woman is more simply, and consequently more elegantly, dressed than ever before, and that her new clothes standards are permanent ones.

Marriage, too, comes in for its changing view.

Before this war, social and political insecurity had eaten into the very fibres of the marriage convention. For many, it was hard enough to make a living, without incurring the further responsibility of a family. Wives worked, bearing their full share of financial responsibility towards the home, it is true, but this frequently put the ban upon a family and there was still a certain faint social stigma attaching to the office wife.

War has changed this view of marriage drastically and, all things considered, quite favourably.

War work has taken thousands of married women into industry in both full- and part-time capacities. It has shown them a new vista of financial security. It has ushered them into a world where the employer takes a sympathetic view of the married woman's home problems, where she can leave her children at an efficient nursery centre while she finds the independence and variety that makes life an interesting affair.

The changing view of marriage shows women a future where

the ties of home will no longer be so irksome as they have been. Where a little more freedom, a good deal more immunity from financial care and the drudgery that goes with it is promised for everybody who is ready to fall into step with the New Idea.

If the promises of peace are fulfilled there will be better medical and hospital services. Fear of the expenses of sickness is a dark cloud that has hovered above the middle-class home for far too long. Moreover, if we admit the truth, we have been too snobbish about existing hospital services; too reluctant to accept what is erroneously termed "charity."

All this, we hope, our changing view will regulate. Better medical services—for everybody—will remove the constant threat of serious illness. Women who want children will be able to have them safely, comfortably, under the guidance of the very best doctors at a cost within their means.

Even the cost of education for our children—that other source of anxiety—looks like taking on a new view. Cheaper and better education for all is a primary aim of the future and we shall accept it with the determination to discard all the old snobbish standards which have clogged the machinery of our educational system so long.

In fact, the whole prospect of marriage and family life is brighter than it has ever been in our time.

Individually, we may expect to find that the experiences of war have given us a new selectiveness. We shall be more alert to choose the friends who share our interests and our ideals. War has brought us new and stimulating friends, wider and more satisfying conceptions of life for the future. It is to be hoped that we may be encouraged by this to build happier, more useful and creative lives.

Plainly the most priceless possession of the future will be an open receptive frame of mind; a mind ready to receive new ideas and to co-operate with new influences. This is a new world we're going into. We shall take many fine traditions from the old world, but we mustn't let them cloud our view of the future.

Women will enter more equally into the running of political and cultural affairs. This is inevitable because their interest has been aroused. The war has educated women. It has given them a glimpse of their own limitless abilities, and the widened perspective which adds to their confidence.

Ordinary, homely women who have come out of their shells to help with the war are out of them to stay. What they can do in war they can do in peace and the prospects of a fuller life for the average woman is improved by this knowledge.

Women who have served on committees, organised defence and relief work are not going tamely back to the old life. They are proud of their achievements. They feel their usefulness and their ability to make a mark in the world's affairs.

Basically, our changing view shows that we women are needed in the affairs of the country. We are capable of doing a useful job in some capacity or other. We have proved it and moreover we intend to prove that we can add to our stature in peace as we have added to it in war.

In Hot Water

In general, we try to keep out of hot water, but for practical purposes there are many good reasons for getting into it.

Plain hot water has more uses around the home than we give it credit for. Here are just a few of them:—

Instead of sending wool dresses, coats and very delicate fabrics to the cleaners, try washing them. The dangers of shrinkage are small if you know how to handle hot water.

Use water at the warm rather than the hot stage and be careful to have the first water and the second and third rinsing water at the same temperature.

It is not water itself which causes shrinking and stretching but the action of wringing which injures delicate threads and the weight of moisture put upon them when the garment is hung to dry. Remove padding, canvas lining and all stiffenings before washing,

and dry woollen garments flat. Roll delicate fabrics in a dry, clean towel.

Used really hot, water is good as a gargle when you have a sore throat. It is a great skin beautifier taken regularly in the early morning instead of tea. A half pint of water every hour or so during the day is better than a beauty treatment. If you hate cold water drink it tepid. It goes down far more easily.

Hot water will remove a jammed screw-top from a jar or bottle. Immerse the article for a few minutes and the stopper will move.

So obvious that we overlook it, is the fact that hot water alleviates pain and soothes away weariness and exhaustion from mind and body.

When you are overtired, or when limbs ache from overstrain or rheumatics, a hot bath, taken slowly, with a liberal handful of Epsom salt dissolved in it is the most relaxing, soothing and restoring thing in the world.



Getting Along With Children

By Louisa Kay

It is a flattering and a comforting thing to be able to be friends with children.

Popularity with children does not imply some elusive Peter Pan charm in you. It is really simpler than that.

The qualities which children love in their elders are not so different from the ones which attract human beings of all ages to each other. They are fundamental. They are the qualities of sympathy, gaiety and simplicity.

Winning the confidence of children means giving them a sense of security, that is, of mental and physical security. You give this sense of security by dispelling the fears which include simple

physical dangers like the dark; the loneliness which is real and terrifying to a small person in a large universe; ridicule and other egotistical fears.

This brand of confidence is not, of course, built up in a day, but children and animals appear to have an intuitive sense of detection. They are quick to differentiate between the adults who pay lip service to their love for children and those whose love is based upon real understanding.

Apart from these more subtle values, you have to know what to talk about. You have also to know what to laugh about and you need the imagination to

reduce your mental stature to their own.

People who are not good with children find conversation a strain. This is not because the child's sphere of interest is too narrow but because theirs is. To girls and boys, life is an exciting process of learning about everything that goes on. Practically everything is interesting, from the fly crawling upside down on the ceiling to the reason why cups have saucers.

This is not to say that, to be entertaining, you must always figure as a teacher. The real child lover knows that the instruction side of it is fairly mutual.

If you can even begin to put yourself in the position of a child to whom every animate and inanimate thing is a potential source of interest, you can hardly fail to interest each other.

Shy children need a little subtlety to break the ice. You often have to do all the talking for a while, without any apparent interest in the fact that responses are slow. A perfectly natural and absolutely simple line of conversation will melt the most retiring child in the end. Once the melting process has begun the rest is easy.

Once you have got your child laughing, you have won him. If you can make him laugh often he is yours for life. Children are won easily to laughter, but they have their own brand of humour.

It is simple, slapstick stuff and has no relation to wit or subtlety. The real humorist makes no appeal to children, but they adore a clown. It isn't the clever crack that brings shouts of delight from the very young but the simple, silly thing and nearly always the joke with an appeal to their visual sense of fun.

If you want to know what amuses children watch for their delighted reactions to the clown who smacks the other clown on the head with a bladder, to the man who trips over a pail or the one who wears two hats and three overcoats.

It is fatal to one's chances of companionship to laugh at children. You must always laugh with them. They have a sense of dignity which is far more sensitive than the grown-up is inclined to allow for. The mature sense of humour, which can delight in subtlety and take pleasure in a joke at one's own expense, is foreign to the young mind.

Talking down to a child is quickly detected. Patronage is anathema to the average child, though his reactions are intuitive rather than logical. He likes to be in the company of a grown-up who obviously likes his company and will talk about the things he understands in language that does not leave him floundering in a wilderness of terms and of values of which he has no experience.

ESCALLOPS IN RINGS

4 escallops; 1 lb. potatoes; 1 lb. spinach or young nettles; little milk and margarine; red pepper (if available); salt.

Peel and boil potatoes; thoroughly wash and cook spinach or nettles, using no water except that which clings to the leaves.

Meanwhile, cook the escallops very gently in a little milk and margarine, having first cleaned them and removed black parts (about twelve minutes). They can be steamed over the potatoes between two plates.

Drain vegetables, season, add a little margarine and milk, and chopped spring onion if liked, and beat each to a cream.

Make a ring round each plate, half of spinach and half of potato. Inside, place the escallops, like poached eggs. Scatter red pepper over, and serve.

(Preparation: 10 mins. Cooking: 25 mins.)

LIVER TOASTS

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. liver; 4 slices toast; flour; pepper and salt; dripping; margarine; chopped parsley.

Cut liver into thin slices. Cover in well-seasoned flour and fry in very hot dripping.

Serve on slices of hot toast spread with margarine. Decorate with chopped parsley.

A fresh green salad, say endive or dandelion, goes well with this dish.

Finely chop a shallot or some spring onions and put in the salad bowl with the endive, well washed, shaken and dried in a cloth. Scatter parsley over. If you have no oil for a French dressing, a little milk is quite a useful substitute. Mix well.

Make a piquant new kind of salad from young dandelion leaves, mixed with chopped cooked potatoes and diced beetroot and tossed in vinaigrette dressing.

(Preparation: 3 mins. Cooking: 10 mins.)



Some Quick Dishes For

POTATO SOUP

6 good-sized potatoes; celery leaves; 1 pint household milk; 1 to 2 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; salt and pepper

Quarter and boil potatoes, drain and mash well, adding margarine and celery leaves, finely chopped. Add the milk and 1 pint of the potato water, stir well, boil up again and season. Sprinkle in the parsley before serving.

(Preparation: 7 mins. Cooking: 25 mins.)

WATERCRESS SOUP

Use above recipe, but omit celery and parsley. Cook 1 chopped onion with the potatoes, and add 1 bunch watercress, cleaned and chopped, as you bring the soup to the boil after straining.

CHEESE SOUP

4 oz. grated cheese; 2 pints household milk and vegetable water; 1 oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; salt and pepper

Melt margarine, stir in flour and cook without browning. Pour in half the milk mixture and stir as it boils. Add rest of milk and season well. Simmer a few minutes. Sprinkle in the cheese and serve when melted.

(Preparation: 4 mins. Cooking: 15 mins.)

SAUSAGE RISsoles

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cold mashed potatoes; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat; 1 oz. oatmeal (for mixture); oatmeal for dusting; 1 small onion or clove of garlic; few pinches of sage; warm milk to bind; fat for frying; pepper and salt

Mix potatoes, sausage meat, oatmeal, onion (chopped small), sage and season-

ings. Blend with enough milk to make an easily handled mixture. Shape into rissoles, roll in oatmeal and fry till brown.

(Preparation: 5 mins. Cooking: 12 mins.)

STEAMED FISH WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

1 lb. white fish; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fish stock; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint household milk; 4 to 5 chopped mushrooms (or 1 dessertspoonful mushroom ketchup); 1 small onion or few spring onions; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mixed herbs; 1 oz. flour; 1 oz. margarine; pinch nutmeg; salt and pepper

Clean, fillet and trim fish. Put fillets to steam over the potato pan in a deep plate, with milk, margarine and seasoning, and cover with another plate.

To make stock, boil up fish bones and trimmings in a little over $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water.

Add chopped mushroom (stems included), onion (sliced), and herbs. Simmer for fifteen to twenty minutes.

Meanwhile, melt margarine, stir in flour, add salt and pepper and pour in milk slowly. Cook a few minutes. Add strained fish stock and pieces of mushroom. Season with nutmeg, salt and pepper. Cook two or three minutes more, and serve with fish.

(Preparation of fish: 5 mins; Cooking: 25 mins.)

MINCE AND OATMEAL

Here is a simple dinner which can be prepared and cooked in just over half an hour.

First prepare vegetables—equal quantities of swedes and potatoes—cutting up the swedes small. Put on the swedes to cook and after ten minutes add the

potatoes. When cooked, mash together and make a wall round the serving dish.

For the meat dish take:—

1 lb. mince; 2 tablespoonfuls oatmeal; 1 onion or leek chopped; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vegetable water; salt and pepper; dash Worcester sauce

These are for



These are for

FIG SPONGE

12 figs; $\frac{1}{2}$ gill milk; 4 oz. flour; 1 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful syrup; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful ground ginger; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful grated nutmeg; pinch of salt.

Rub margarine into flour. Mix in all dry ingredients except figs, and add the milk and the syrup. Have ready a greased pudding basin. Remove stalks from figs, cut in quarters and put in the basin. Pour the mixture in, cover with a margarine paper and steam for one and half hours. Serve with custard sauce.

SULTANA CUSTARD TARTS

2 oz. mashed potatoes; 2 oz. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lard; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. margarine; pinch salt.

Rub potato and fat together and then rub into the flour and salt. Roll out on a floured board. Line twelve patty tins. Bake in a hot oven (fifteen minutes). When cold, fill with

SULTANA CUSTARD FILLING

Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint thick custard. Beat together 1 oz. margarine and 1 oz. sugar and blend with custard when cool. Add a handful of well-washed sultanas and stir well.

CURRY PANCAKES

1 egg (reconstituted); 4 oz. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and water; 1 teaspoonful curry powder; chopped chives or parsley; chutney; left-over vegetables and rice; knob dripping; salt.

Beat egg well. Mix flour with 1 teaspoonful salt, make a well in the middle and put in the egg, with sufficient milk to make a stiff mixture. Beat well, add rest of milk and, if convenient, put aside for an hour.

Mix curry powder and chives into batter. Make fat very hot in frying pan and drop in spoonfuls of batter as for pancakes.

When the pancakes begin to set, sprinkle on a little cooked rice, with a teaspoonful of chutney and diced left-over vegetables. Fold over, heat thoroughly and serve very hot, garnished with plenty of watercress.

(Preparation: 10 mins. Cooking: 20 mins.)



MARCH SALAD

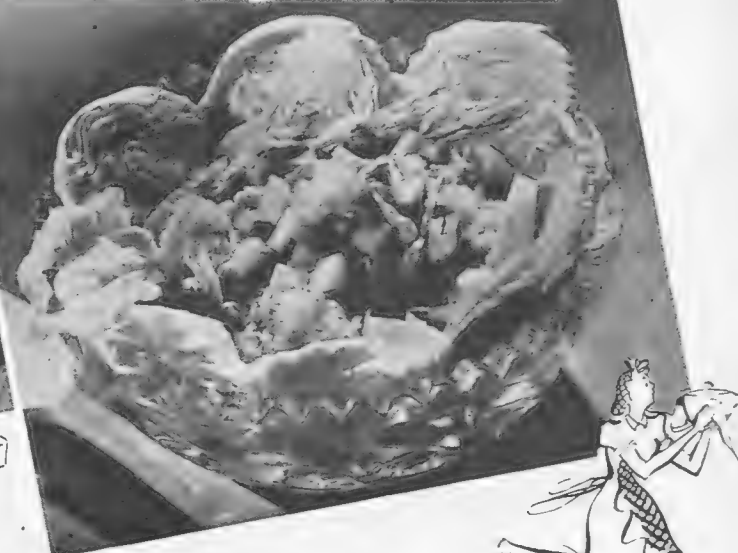
4 large cooked potatoes; 1 teacupful cooked meat or rabbit, cut in neat cubes; 1 shredded heart of raw cabbage; $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful cooked diced carrots or raw chopped celery; sprigs of raw purple-sprouting broccoli; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated raw swede, turnip or Jerusalem artichoke; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated raw beetroot; chopped parsley or chervil; clove of garlic, or small onion; vinaigrette dressing.

Rub salad bowl with garlic, or chop onion into it. Put in cabbage. Mix meat with carrots or celery and pile in centre.

Make vinaigrette dressing. Grate the two kinds of root vegetables and dress them, using half the dressing you have made.

Arrange these vegetables in alternate heaps round the meat. Decorate with the small broccoli sprigs, pour rest of dressing over and scatter with parsley.

(Time: 20 mins.)



Housewives In A Hurry.

Put mince and onion in pan and stir well until each piece is separate.

Add water, and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Then add oatmeal and simmer ten minutes more.

Season well and add a dash of Worcester

sauce before piling in serving dish. (Preparation: 10 mins. Cooking: 30 mins.)

SPAGHETTI WITH PICKLED WALNUTS

8 oz. spaghetti; 3 tablespoonfuls chopped pickled walnuts; 2 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful chopped onion (or a little garlic); parsley sprigs; salt and pepper

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water (fifteen to twenty minutes). Drain. Melt margarine and fry onion, walnuts and parsley sprigs. Take out parsley and keep hot. Add spaghetti to pan and toss till well blended. Pile on a hot dish and garnish with fried parsley.

(Preparation: 3 mins. Cooking: 25 mins.)

LIGHTNING MACARONI CHEESE

8 oz. macaroni; 8 oz. grated cheese; salt and pepper; tomato sauce

Break up macaroni and cook in a pan of fast-boiling water (about twenty-five minutes). Drain well, and return to pan. Add cheese, salt and pepper, and stir over low heat until cheese melts. Serve with tomato sauce.

(Time: 30 mins.)

BEETROOT CUP SALAD

3 or 4 sticks celery heart; 2 cooked beet-roots; 2 apples; 2 oz. grated cheese; 3 tablespoonfuls mayonnaise; seasoning

Peel beets and cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out some of the centre of each half. Peel and core apples and chop fine. Chop celery and cut out beet. Mix all well

together with the cheese and mayonnaise, adding salt and pepper. Fill beet-root centres with mixture. Decorate with watercress, endive or corn salad.

COD'S ROE (COOKED)

Cut in thick slices, dip in seasoned flour or oatmeal and fry golden in hot fat. Serve on bed of fried-up left-over potatoes and decorate with watercress.

Or wrap each slice of roe in a roll of bacon, fix with a cocktail stick and fry.

SLICED SPAM OR HAM

Heat up in a molasses sauce made with 1 teacupful golden syrup, 1 tablespoonful margarine, a large tablespoonful of vinegar and a little water or vegetable water. Thicken with a little cornflour mixed with cold water. Cook about fifteen minutes.

Or heat up in a white sauce flavoured with vinegar, made mustard and chopped pickles.

SCOTCH WHITE PUDDING

I can never understand why English people make so little use of "mealie pudding."

Simply prick with a fork, and boil gently. Serve hot with crisp salad of dandelion leaves, corn salad or endive.

By Harriet Muir

after these are for afters these

DATE TRIANGLES

Make a double quantity of potato pastry, and roll out thin. On one half dispose chopped, stoned dates. Place the other half of the pastry on top, roll over gently and cut into triangular pieces. Brush over with milk, and bake. Serve hot or cold, sprinkled with sugar or cinnamon.

FRUIT TRIFLE

Cut up a jam roll, or any other sponge cake you may be able to get. Dispose the pieces in a deep glass dish. Open a bottle of last year's fruit—cherries or plums would be specially good—and pour a little syrup from the fruit over the cake. When thoroughly soaked, pour over sufficient thick custard to cover the sponge. Decorate with fruit. Use rest of fruit to make a pie or tart.

FRUIT PANCAKES

Make pancake batter (see recipe for curry pancakes). Add chopped figs or cooked, stoned prunes and fry in the usual way.

Or if you have any wartime lemon curd, put a spoonful on each pancake when frying, turn over and serve with cinnamon.

It's A Way They Have in the



ARMY



THE NAVY

and the AIR FORCE



- • They cook vegetables in bulk; but to facilitate serving they are frequently divided into large portions which are cooked in separate bags.

We can use the same method for a different reason—to save fuel. Bags made of butter muslin and drawn up at the top with a string will hold prepared vegetables of more than one variety in the same saucepan or steamer without detriment to either.



- • They do their housekeeping on a gigantic scale. This calls for the most careful and exact economy to avoid muddle, overlapping, and to ensure financial solvency.

We do our housekeeping in a miniature fashion in comparison, but it presents many of the same problems and there is much to learn from the methods of the big timers.



- • They cater for many thousands, so that the business of assessing the exact quantities required is handled by men who are thoroughly experienced in this branch of catering.

We work on a small scale in the average home, but the need for accurate assessments in relation to catering is real. It was always found a vital duty to save waste and to make every ounce of food pull its full weight.

- • They make a primary duty of punctuality. Service men get up at the sound of reveille and no jibbing. They must be present for meals at the appointed hour or go without.

We can take a leaf from this book with considerable profit to efficiency. Unpunctuality is an insidious disease in many households and to banish it—within reasonable limits—implies no real hardship but only the forming of good habits.



- • Scrubbed tables, bare boards and no paraphernalia make pretty hard living of service life, but these methods are the only possible ones where the maintenance of great numbers in cleanliness and good order are involved.

We should be crazy to attempt at home to reproduce the atmosphere of a barrack room but comparisons, even in this regard, are still profitable. If we put away knick-knacks which require cleaning; dispense with linen that calls for complicated laundering; do without silver which increases labour and reduce decoration to the nearest minimum commensurate with comfort, the problems of maintenance without help and of cleaning without adequate materials are helpfully reduced.

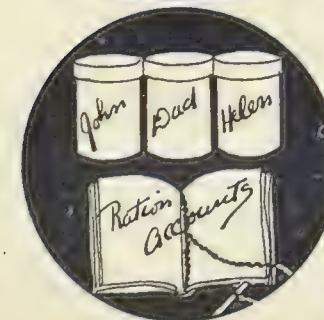


- • They have self-service to reduce labour and to speed up the time schedule. Each man brings his own plate, knife, fork and spoon to the service counter and, after the meal, washes his own implements.

We might well introduce a modification of this plan in the home where every member of the family is working all out and domestic help is just a memory. Serving straight on to plates saves work and ensures hot food. Men may think it a bit drastic for each to wash and dry their own tools but in a biggish family why not? These are drastic times.

- • They make every man responsible for making his own bed, tidying his own quarters, so that the work of maintenance is always under control.

We can adapt the theory to our own uses by encouraging every member of the household to be reasonably self supporting in this sense. Home need not become a service billet just because each member is responsible for making his own bed, tidying his own room, washing around after his own bath and unselfishly co-operating in the work of maintenance.



- • They make wide and practical use of the haybox where cooked food has to be conveyed to isolated units at a distance from the cookhouse.

We can use the same simple contraption to save fuel and time. A wooden packing case, filled with hay and insulated with wads of paper, finished with a tight-fitting lid, is a very practical acquisition. Stews can be brought to the boil on the cooker, transferred to the haybox and fastened down to cook by slow motion throughout the day. You can leave it all day and come back to a well-cooked meal, piping hot in the evening. Other dishes cooked early in the day can be kept hot for a long time, if convenience requires it, for service at the appointed moment.

- • They make an exact calculation of the requirements of each individual to keep economy and consumption on the soundest basis. Each man is allotted so many pounds of fuel per week; so much money for food and maintenance, and so on.

We should need to improve our accountancy to do this on a similar scale, but the theory is worth consideration. If we are good enough at figures to keep household accountancy and consumption on the same sound basis, there can be no overspending, no over-consumption of rationed commodities and no reproaches from the quarters which constantly assure us that sound domestic economy is a war-winning measure.

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Life Is Not Rationed

(Continued from page 13)

back on the land—to-day the peasant family on a collective farm has some *individual* livestock, such as a milk cow, some pigs, geese or chickens, of its very own. And in Russia—land of the proletariat—there is even a growing revulsion against working on the machine; so many young Russians are opting for a sedentary or scholarly life that new regulations have had to be promulgated, to put into the factory stream an increased number of actual machine tenders. Machinery, in Russia, is also demanding to be served.

The economists hold out, as one of the most hopeful fields of post-war British enterprise, the development of the "backward" countries. Now, aside from the fact (as H. M. Tomlinson so justly said) that perhaps the worst thing you can do to a country is to develop it—what are the "backward" countries? Most economists, aside from selecting those parts of the world inhabited by coloured races, agree upon Central Europe and the Balkans. But are they really "backward"? They are extremely agricultural, yes. But if you go inland along the banks of the Danube, with a really critical eye, you will see peasant villages there with a scale of life that is far higher than you will find anywhere among the "share-croppers" in America's Ten Big Cotton States. You will find illiteracy and backwardness in Georgia, U.S.A. far worse than you will find it in Georgia, U.S.S.R. In the Balkans the average peasant is housed in a better house, has more village cultural amenities, eats better food, is more healthy than nearly any of the tenant farmers who cultivate eighty per cent of the cotton, peanuts, and tobacco of America's "Sunny South." These are indisputable facts. And one of the reasons why the Senators of the "Solid South" ganged up, with Republican aid, to prevent the abolition of the Poll Tax in eight of these Southern States—was just to keep these poor white tenant-farmers away from the polls—so that they could not express their despair in a vote which would throw out the legislators who keep what is known as the American "Deep South" so backward.

Also, if you know the Balkans, you will realise what vast harm was done there by the big American loans prior to this war; the way every capital was corrupted by them. Very little of these millions of dollars, if any at all, ever got through to improving the lot of the peasantry.

And as for Africa, the putting of the African natives on a cash-crop basis, the too-swift "de-tribalising" of the old order there—will bring misery to that continent, with what we must realise as an inevitable complement of a forced material civilisation. When Germany began her tremendous material advance, beginning with the electrical and chemical industries, at the time of Bismarck, Germany also became filled with a sudden, and what seemed an unjustified misery. This was so bad that Germany instituted several social services which were, in the days of Bismarck, the forerunners of those Lloyd George introduced in Britain in 1912.

It is said that "the troops now are talking of how they are going to fit in in the post-war world—and of what it will be like." I've noticed that. I went up in a convoy to Archangel with a group of N.C.O.s and officers. They were markedly abstemious, compared to their counterparts of the last war. And more thoughtful. Ultimately, every night, someone said something which started the talk along post-war lines. I noticed that many of them (not regular soldiers) hinted that they would like to remain on in the Service: the future did not look good to them. Nor were they elated by either the speeches or the promises of our politicians. Something—was lacking.

What was it? We were, if this simile conveys any meaning to you, like people in a deep forest, getting near its edge, where the lightness shows an open space ahead—but rather apprehensive as to where the roads would lead, when we got to the edge of the

woods. I think plenty of Army men, R.A.F. and sailors will recognise this feeling I am trying to make clear. And I believe that most of them will heartily agree when I say that what is most absent is a *moral* lead—a plain call to serve a *cause* of some sort—in all the speeches about the shape of things to come from our present leaders.

That, I think, accounts for most of the undeniable cynicism regarding all politicians' promises. We don't believe them. They are too vague, too garnished with all the old clichés and generalities. When something specific, such as the Beveridge Report, does come along—then the response is stupendous. Just look at the way all newspapers washed out everything on their leader page, and the next news page, to feature that message of hope. It wasn't the *social security* which so exhilarated the average English man or woman in that Report—it wasn't, as some swinish people tried to make out, the prospect of being cared for, whether you worked or not (which is nonsense)—it was the fact that here was a concrete, worked-out proposal—with heart in it.

AS I see it, there will be no scrap pile after this war of men thrown out of uniform into unemployment. That means that communal effort will have to be carried over into the peace years, possibly for almost a decade. To make this practicable our legislators will have to invent schemes for it. And subsidise large elements in it; such as an adequate subsidy to maintain a big British merchant navy. It has even been claimed, by some Socialist economists—and, as it happens, very moderate Socialist thinkers—that the British Merchant Navy should be nationalised. In this I see a middle course, maintaining present shipping ownership, but directed by a National Shipping Board.

Another thing which I think is almost inevitable, and definitely desirable, is that life on the land should be guaranteed by British politics; not only farming as a means of making a living—but as a *mode of life*. Of course it will have to be subsidised against cheap foreign produce; but that is not saying that the subsidy given to, say, a farmer for his milk, or his market cattle, must be debited against the farmer himself alone. Far from it. A wider view of this would debit such State charges against the revived life of the formerly great British market towns.

But, greater than all these material figures, is the quality of a *satisfactory life* which would be revived in Great Britain. There is your moral lead for you. Take just these two things—a revived, secure British Merchant Navy, and a secure, contented life on the land. These, in my opinion, are specific things, well within the realm of probabilities. They could both be made "going concerns," which could carry on indefinitely—whereas public works schemes, no matter how vast, always have an end to them.

I write this, knowing full well that to have a definitely established level of merchant ships, you must also have a stable and large export and import trade. And also that for every bushel of wheat, pound of butter or bacon, or side of beef produced in England, you correspondingly cut down your imports from overseas—thereby reducing both the incoming cargoes which maintain your mercantile navies—as well as the ability of foreigners or members of the British Commonwealth to take your exports.

That is only too true. But there are degrees of possibility in all things. As a matter of fact, most of your imports aren't taken in exchange for *visible* exports—material manufactured things—they are to take back, mostly in the form of food, your financial investments overseas. It will be by means of a "tap," affixed to the return of these financial repayments, turning it off and on to regulate the flow back of interest, that you will be able to revive the life that once was known as Merry England.

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probably on their way across country to Manchester or Liverpool. Wentworth returned to bed, still wrestling with his problem. The "all clear" sounded before he dropped off to sleep.

He was downstairs in time to hear the eight o'clock news broadcast. This reported briefly that enemy aircraft had been over the north-east of England, but no incidents had been reported. Later, at breakfast, Sam Hudson informed him that a number of dud incendiaries had been found up on the moor. These must have been dropped during the night, and were evidently intended for the Folly. Amazing, in Sam's opinion, how the ruddy Germans got to know these things.

Surely all you read about spies and suchlike couldn't be true? Anyhow it proved one thing that Sam had always contended. Folks in Germany and the occupied countries weren't working their best. They were slacking. Sabotage, in fact. Making bombs that didn't go off.

Wentworth nodded and tried to finish his breakfast. He was so excited that he could scarcely force the food down.

Surely he'd hit on the solution of at least part of his problem? It seemed rather fantastic; yet as he remembered the exact context of the intercepted wireless message, he grew more certain that he was on the right track. And what an ingenious scheme this Nazi spy had developed! Safe as a subtle mind could make it! Foolproof. Leading inevitably to the desired result—unless someone happened to tumble to it.

Well, someone *had* tumbled to it. "Further supplies required"—that gave the game away entirely. And it should be possible now to take a very effective hand in the game, to trump each ace as it was played.

Abandoning his attempt to eat, Wentworth lit a cigarette and strolled out into the misty sunshine of the village street. His alert brain was working hard, and before long he saw his way clear. If he were right, his problem was solved completely. He could carry out both items on his agenda. There'd be no trouble about identifying the spy. And, with ordinary luck, he could save the Folly.

If he were wrong—but it was no use thinking about that. The risk would have to be taken. Anyhow, he'd see what headquarters had to say.

Fetching his bicycle from the yard he rode off to a wayside telephone box.

THE night of the 27th was clear and cloudless. There was no moon; but on the hilltops the stars gave a good deal of light. The two men who had climbed up to the moorland plateau soon after dusk could see quite well.

They were lying deep in the heather, invisible from more than a yard away, one on each side of the sheep track, not far from the pile of stones. They had been waiting for hours, and were prepared to keep their vigil until dawn, to repeat it each night if necessary until what they expected happened. But the weather was ideal for bombing, and they had every hope that their task would soon be concluded.

They had seen nothing of the third man who had climbed the hill from the opposite side. As yet they did not suspect his nearness. He had stopped before he reached the edge of the plateau, poking with his foot into a clump of heather to assure himself that the round heavy object was still safely hidden beneath it. He was sitting on a boulder now, watching and waiting—just as the two on the plateau.

Suddenly he shivered. Perhaps the night

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

breeze was too chilly for him; perhaps he had caught the first faint wail of a distant siren; perhaps he had no great liking for the work in front of him. Rising from the boulder he dragged the heavy cylinder from the heather.

With agile fingers he attached something to it. Then, hoisting it on to his shoulder, he scrambled up the last bit of hill to the plateau, found the sheep track, and strode along it until he reached the pile of stones.

Here he lowered his burden to the ground. Away to the east, the sky was criss-crossed with searchlights, dotted with bursting shells. After watching a while, he knelt beside the stones, produced an alcohol lighter and took off its top, shielding the tiny blue flame with his coat. When the drone of bombers sounded directly overhead he touched something with the lighter, something that glowed and spluttered in the darkness. Jumping to his feet, he hurried away.

Almost immediately a dark figure rose up in front of him, a revolver was thrust into his ribs, a torch flashed twice on his startled face.

"Well, well!" said a brisk voice. "Fancy meeting you, Claycroft! It's all over, my friend. Turn round. Up with your hands."

Amazed, incredulous, the cattle dealer hesitated. A threatening jab with the revolver brought reluctant obedience. In a moment another dark figure appeared.

"Okay, Nick. I've removed the fuse."

"Good," said Wentworth. "A cute idea, wasn't it? There'd have been a wonderful blaze in half a minute. And if any one had happened to see him near it—well, it was a genuine German bomb, obviously dropped from one of the raiders, and he was trying to put it out." The revolver jabbed into Claycroft's back again. "How many more of these dud incendiaries have you hidden away?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Perhaps you'll understand better when we've found your secret wireless set. In the meantime, you might watch the fun up here. Someone lit another fuse when I signalled with my torch."

A BRIGHT light had appeared on a hill to the north, growing steadily in intensity. To the east of this a flare suddenly lit up the sky, and gradually descended. A succession of explosions filled the night with light and thunder. The ground rocked.

Wentworth chuckled and gripped the cattle dealer's shoulder.

"Your friends are taking a lot of pains to bomb a harmless ravine," he said. "Of course, we put up a few old huts and a lot of camouflage netting to encourage them. Just a mile to the east of that incendiary, Claycroft. Come along!"

Sam Hudson looked up from his evening paper with a puzzled exclamation.

"You've gotta hand it to these Huns," he muttered. "Ruddy liars they are! Bombed an important military installation last night, accordin' to them. Boggart Clough, that was. Some military installation! I was up there two days ago; naught to be seen but heather an' peat an' rock. But the funny thing is this, lass. There was somethin' up there last night. Yesterday afternoon Willie Gaukroger saw soldiers erectin' huts an' suchlike. Now how in Hades did the ruddy Germans find out about that?"

"Dunno," said Clara, looking over his shoulder at the paper. "What's happened to Mr. Claycroft and Mr. Wentworth?"

"I dunno about that rightly," replied Sam. "'Cept that Claycroft's been taken off to gaol. Reckon he musta been diddlin' the Income Tax folk, an' Wentworth was sent here to investigate. Kinda detective, seemin'ly."

Clara sniffed. "You'd think a young chap like him could find something better to do in wartime."

END

★

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'Natural' Hazards (Continued from page 25)

birds were not available synthetic birds were made and shot at wind-screens.

The characteristics of birds which are of interest to the wind-screen tester are their squashability or the degree of soft spreading which may be expected when the birds make contact with glass at high speed.

To simulate these characteristics the following "birds" were made up. Tennis ball partially filled with lead shot and weighing 1 lb.; a dart weighing 3½ lb. with a solid rubber ball at the striking end; a vulcanised cylindrical projectile, wrapped in Cellophane, weighing ½ lb.; projectiles made by moulding 1 in. sponge rubber around a core consisting of a small rubber ball filled with sufficient lead shot to make the total weight 3 lb. or 4 lb. as desired.

Several methods were used to propel the "birds." Some were shot from a 2-in. bore airgun and others from a 5-in. bore A.A. gun, although what the powder charge was in the latter case I don't know!

A standard bird was assumed by the experimenters to weigh about 4 lb. and to meet the aircraft at a relative speed of 270 m.p.h.—made up of 200 m.p.h. for the plane and 70 m.p.h. for the birds. Such an impact would mean that 10,000 ft. lb. of energy would have to be absorbed by the windscreen.

With the impact tests made by the A.A. gun it was found that the 3-lb. and 4-lb. shot-filled rubber balls smashed layers of cellulose acetate totalling ½ in. and tempered glass 1½ in. thick. But the general conclusion reached was that, roughly speaking, a pilot should be safe from 4-lb. birds behind a 45 degree wind-screen about ¾ in. thick made up of about ten layers of cellulose acetate not cemented together. Two-pound birds should be kept out of the cockpit by ½ in. of cellulose acetate.

Eagles are probably the most dangerous of all birds as far as aircraft are concerned. Their large size and weight (up to 15 lb.); their habit of diving on their prey, be it bird, animal or flying machine; and their great speed in a headlong stoop (one record, admittedly high, gives this speed as approaching the terminal velocity of a medium-sized bomb), makes eagles formidable antagonists for even the most stoutly built aeroplane.

That this fact is officially recognised is evident from the notice issued by the Air Ministry in 1934. This warned all aviators in the Near and Middle East to fly above kites and eagles as these birds invariably dived when frightened or angry.

The most remarkable case of an attack by eagles which I have read about is the following, related by J. Wentworth Day, who writes

that about eight years ago "Prince George Bibesco bought a tri-motor all-steel passenger plane, built to carry sixteen passengers and then about the biggest aircraft of its kind in the world. I went for a trip in it with Lord Sempill and Sir Alan Cobham, and when we were well over Reading I said to Cobham: 'Nothing short of an anti-aircraft shell would fetch this thing out of the skies.'

"Three weeks later a couple of eagles dive-bombed it near Allahabad in India and crashed it, killing the pilot and injuring some of the crew. The first flew straight into the middle engine while the second dived from 10,000 ft. and went through the steel wing like a stone, ripping a great hole. This was undoubtedly a deliberate attack."

But birds can still be very dangerous to aeroplanes even when they have no hostile intentions towards the pilots. A wild duck, a bird which can hardly be called aggressive, struck in the face the pilot of a R.C.A.F. flying boat, stunned him and caused him to crash-dive the ship into the sea.

During Captain Ross Smith's flight from England to Australia in 1919, two kites nearly wrecked the whole expedition at Calcutta. Just as the record-breaking plane was taking off from the racecourse these birds flew across its path. One struck the port airscrew and was cut to pieces but did not damage the blades. But the other bird struck some of the bracing wires and left one of its wings wedged between one of the wires and a strut.

It was a gull which caused the death of a pilot in the early days of flying, not by hitting the airscrew, but by getting wedged between the tail and rudder of the machine. The pilot was unable to move the rudder at all with the result that the plane crashed and the pilot was killed.

A little-known danger to the planes on aircraft carriers comes from sea birds which perch on the wings. Unfortunately the birds are not content with just perching—they have developed a taste for aeroplane fabric. Apparently the dope with which the wings are dressed contains spirit and this appeals to the tired and jaded birds.

The result, as far as the aircraft are concerned, is that holes get torn in the wings and their airworthiness is thus seriously affected. One bright A.B. suggested that a metal cap should be placed on guard over the aircraft!

When the full tale of the war in the air comes to be written, it may well be found that "natural" hazards have played no small part in the toll of aircraft which "failed to return."

END

Honourable Bone (Continued from page 12)

They preferred to live in the reservations set up for them by the Government, where, after all, there was tucker to fill a belly with, and a man didn't have to worry about finding water. But Pettamedgee, of an outskirt Arunta tribe, did not know the white man. He had heard from his smoke signals at various times of strange people who made noises in the air that killed other people. But he and his women and his relatives, and his sacred but bad devil-in-laws who could never be looked at because they were taboo, had lived miles away, almost due north of Lake Eyre. They had lived for years in a depression, salty and horrific, wherein one might well have imagined no one could live. It was so remote and so near to Simpson's desert that nobody ever went there. That was good. There had been a native soak through which water had not failed for "a mob of years." The aborigine does not know more than one, two, three, mob. He has no methods of counting, but his family traditional history indicates distances and time to him. In addition there was a rock hole with a cleft fifty feet deep, which had been full of black water as long as time, as far as Pettamedgee knew. There were lizards good to eat, and snakes better. There were ants, big sugar ants, in their nests in glaring white

desert oak trees, which when roasted were food for the gods, as Pettamedgee knew the gods. There were yams to be grown, and they grew easily enough. There were great toads which made succulent food. And occasional kangaroo rats, or even an old man kangaroo himself, lost and tired, would be a feast which continued until the kangaroo's carcass stank and dried in the desert sun.

And then, of a sudden, the soak dried up, as soaks do, and the water in the rock hole became nothing but a deep slit, and no one could draw it. And the tribe packed up its spears, spear-throwers, boomerangs and clubs, and leaving two old men and one old woman to die because they couldn't walk anyway, marched off at sun-up in search of water and another home.

HAD Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka not been thirty miles away from the Overland Telegraph line he might never have met them. As it was, it was fate. Von Egerdy saw them first, and reached for his Winchester. Mr. Nonaka, who had been secretly wishing to have a chance of using his own gun, supplied by Joe Kilgariff, followed suit. But Pettamedgee, governed by the code of the Australian desert, was not prepared for war but (Continued on page 56)

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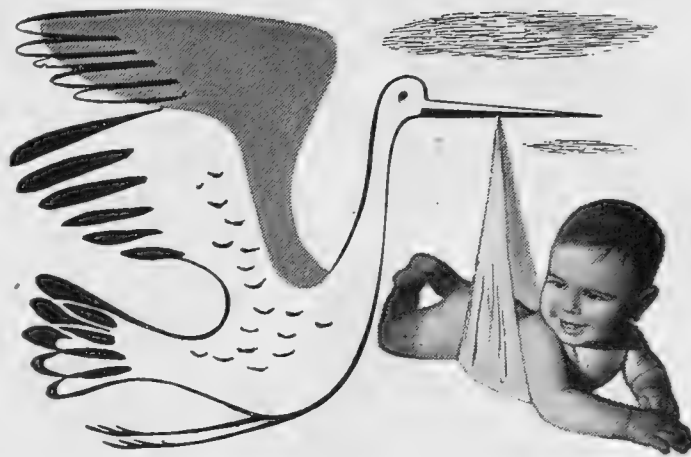


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for food and peace, and one by one his young warrigals ceremoniously stood out from the mulga trees, each of which had hidden one of them, first dropped their spears, then their womerahs and shields, then their boomerangs—kylies, the killers, not the ordinary curved tourist variety—and Pettamedgee advanced towards von Egerdy standing with his gun at the ready.

"It's all right, Nonaka," said the German. "They want tucker, probably water and food." He shouted: "All right, come up."

Pettamedgee had never heard a word in English, but he sensed what was in the other man's mind. He came up. The rest of his tribe came up and squatted, the younger boys walking over to the truck, toying, chattering to themselves, touching every portion of it, quite ready to be knocked down by the German when they touched a rifle but coming up again smiling.

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka from his store of trade goods offered the youngsters boiled sweets of many colours. These they played with. He then offered them plugs of cheap tobacco. These they ate and appeared to enjoy. What time Mr. Nonaka was looking at his subjects-to-be, von Egerdy was preparing a mess of tinned beef, condensed milk, pickles, curry powder, plenty of water from one of the nine-gallon kegs strapped to the utility truck, tea, coffee, sugar, tinned butter, and the rather dead remainder of a huge piece of pork obtained from the local butcher as something of an antidote to the salt beef which would be their food for days. Mixed into a pannikin, this mess was quickly taken with grateful smiles by Pettamedgee and placed into native containers carried by the tribe.

Very little was said. Practically the only word which is common to most of the Australian desert tribes is quadja, or at least it sounds like that, which means water. From the one word von Egerdy knew why the natives had moved.

In the firelight the natives suddenly perceived the difference between von Egerdy's face and that of Mr. Nonaka, and for the first time there was a buzz of conversation. Two old men came up and prostrated themselves in front of him, whereupon Mr. Nonaka felt again that the Emperor of Japan was a potent force in the affairs of the world. They stroked him. This he felt also was a demonstration of the Emperor's power which one day he would communicate. They gave him plaits of human hair, black, the hair of mothers-in-law, worn as a girdle by the bride before her maidenhood is taken from her. They gave him little sticks carved from mulga, with curious characters on them, holding their hands over their children's eyes as they gave them. These were the totems of the tribe, the gifts of grateful people for the greatest gift of water, apart from that of food. They gave him strange boots of emu and other feathers. These were Kurdaitcha boots, boots which left no track in the desert, boots worn by those whose duty it was to do a feud killing as between one tribe and another. They gave him play boomerangs, which looked as though they could have been made in Sydney, or in Japan for that matter.

Then there was some whispering. For the first time Pettamedgee took a real interest in the proceedings. Mr. Nonaka, by this stage more than appreciative and anxious to be of some assistance to those who would be his subjects after all, helped to get down another nine-gallon keg, as they were certain of water within a four-hours' drive. This the tribe received with open joy. They started to sing. Then they formed a rough circle round the strangers' camp-fire. They began to sing softly, the song rose into a hoarse roar—a short tune which fell quicker than it rose, the words of which sounded like: ninnyee, ninnyee, ninnyee-ee, Ninn-ay-eee, wah, wah.

Mr. Nonaka was even more impressed. There must surely have been, he thought, some link between the Ainus, his own northern aborigines, and these spindle-shanked, dust-covered monstrosities.

As he was thinking, the song stopped. Pettamedgee came from the centre and handed him quickly a white object around which was fastened another braid of black matted hair. Almost in a flash, having handed the gift, the tribe vanished away from the light

Honourable Bone

shed by the fire, and the only sound a minute later was some far-off dingo howling its night song like a hungry coyote.

Von Egerdy looked. "Well," he said, "you're lucky. I've never known a tribe to give any man the death bone as a gesture of friendship. They evidently think you've done something for them, and they've given you the thing which can help or kill, according to their beliefs."

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka felt something coldly in his back, but it was a momentary thing, and he realized he was quite controlled. He looked at the gift. It was not white, it was a dirty yellow, chipped. The braided hair was tied around it. It had a jagged edge, and he remembered then what he had once read about the power of Australian tribes to "point a bone," at a man, whereupon the man died, and he remembered Pettamedgee had handed it to him braid first, the point outward.

He turned to Egerdy. "This apparently very strong ju-ju, mascot, idol, that is so?"

"That's what it is," said the German. "I've seen it happen even in my short time here. I remember Sergeant Shersby was bringing back two black boys from farther north to stand trial for murder. One was an Arunta, the other was a Warramulla. Just off Randall Stafford's place by the Lander River the tribal countries have a frontier. One tribe pointed the bone at one of the boys. He was dead in the morning."

Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka slept that night, feeling very pleased with himself. Not only had he achieved in his holiday what his Imperial Majesty's General Staff had wished in regard to the arterial road position coming down from Darwin, and the actual position of utilities in Alice Springs, but he had a souvenir of some historical importance. Something told him this would be his own mascot, apart from his faith in the Tenno, apart from his unbounded love for Japan.

He showed it to Ray on the train going back, and it was passed round the carriage as a rare souvenir. George Tonkin, a stockbroker from Adelaide, offered Mr. Yoshiwo Nonaka fifty pounds for it, but he smiled, deprecatingly. "I am going back my offices in Japan," he said. "Pleasurable, indeed, I thinking to have real memento original Australians' country, my friendship being so deep entirely for."

He sailed on the *Atama Maru*. Ray and the boys gave him a farewell party at Princes the previous night, and he allowed them, still with his smile, to undress him and put him to bed well and truly drunk, with Mr. Ito, Mr. Sato and Mr. Hasigawa.

CAPTAIN YOSHIWO NONAKA sat in the Commodore's cabin of H.I.J.M.S. *Kudo*, one hundred and seventy miles northeast of Darwin, near the entrance to the Gulf of Carpentaria, a third of the way across the Timor Sea. The Commodore said:

"I want you to go as observer, as special observer, Captain, with Lieutenant Jinno on this Darwin raid. I want you to find out where the road goes down, and whether your maps are going to be all right for us when the survey bombers arrive. As you know, Jinno's plane won't be noticeable in a flight of Zeros. There will be bombers underneath to go to Darwin, while you get down farther, if you can break away. The extra tanks carry plenty of petrol, and you should have an easy run. It might be better to come back over Arnhem Land on what used to be the old flying-boat route, which you can pick up just over Burketown, but look at the chart and at the typewritten matter. That job of yours in thirty-nine has worked out well so far."

Captain Yoshiwo Nonaka bowed stiffly. The flight approached Darwin at 17,000 feet. The ten bombers 3,000 feet below had found little opposition. It was too early in the war at this stage for any new fighters to have been available for the hard-pressed Australian Government. American help was coming, but it was not yet there. The Royal Australian Air Force, doing almost impossibilities with planes which had been trainers a couple of weeks (Continued on page 58)

HOWARDS' ASPIRIN

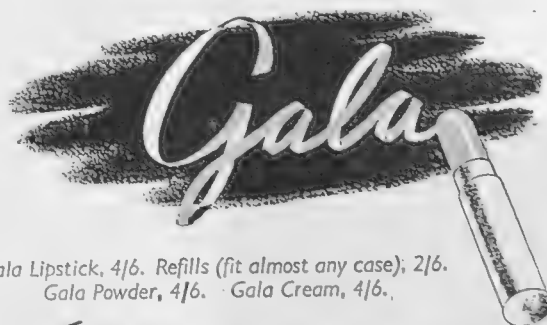
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before, managed to fight the Zeros as best they could.

Jinno, a taciturn young man, made no remarks to his superior officer, as etiquette dictated; the headphones were silent. The bombers surged down to the attack, the fighters dropped a couple of thousand feet as a handful of Australian fighters came up at them. Nonaka could see odd dog-fights. Once he saw that they were not being pursued he gave the orders to the pilot, and they swung east by south. Then there was silence again. They must have covered 150 to 200 miles when a swirling sandstorm got them. It was a giant willy-willy. Visibility was nil, but that made no difference to a plane steering by instruments. The sand must have come up to 20,000 feet. But there was a gale with it which was no ordinary sandstorm. It seemed to develop from the east, and Nonaka realized that probably a hurricane was blowing in on the eastern coast near Cairns, hurtling its way across the desert, in funnels of furious air, to wear itself out over great stones and sand in the most arid and desolate country before the Kimberley Ranges.

THEY bumped now. Nasty bumps, fifty foot bumps, the kind of bumps which make old ladies seasick in flying-boats. And then there was the father of all bumps. The plane, shaken sideways, dropped like a plummet, listing. Jinno, striving with terrific strength, was able to recover the plane at the end of her dive; his feet jerked; finally, his knees smashed into the instrument panel, there was a smash of glass, and a gout of blood from his legs, a spasm of pain on his face.

Nonaka, strapped, gripping wherever he could, bit his lip as force held him.

Then the plane came out of the dive at 2,000 feet, and the hurricane was far off now. The sun was blazing from a burnished sky, and all of Australia seemed to be present in the empty vastness below.

"Are you badly hurt, my boy?" asked Nonaka.

"Yes, sir; I've smashed my knee. But that's not the worst of it, sir. The instruments have gone—my compass is smashed to pieces. I don't know how high I am. I can fly as long as I can see. My leg's getting worse."

Nonaka clicked his teeth in sympathy. "That's bad. Do your best."

They flew in silence, until the pilot said: "I'm sorry, sir; if I don't bring her down now I'm going to lose consciousness, and then we'll all be smashed. What shall I do? It will be for Japan."

Nonaka thought for an instant. Then, as had become his habit for many months, he took from his tunic pocket a dirty yellow piece of bone, fastened with a braid of black human hair, and he looked at the bone and he stroked it, and he smiled at it and he thought.

"You'd better come down," he said. "I think, all being well, as I know the country, I can get us both back to where our luggers and submarines come in over to the east."

Warily the young pilot, still capable but in terrific pain, circled. Below him, at 750 feet, he could see a salt pan, a huge clayey expanse of dead lake with only the glistening crystals to show where water had been. It was a perfect landing-ground. He brought the plane down to what would have been a three-point landing, but some prehistoric stump or some outcrop a million years old of granite, which once was the top of a mountain peak, rose up five feet in front of him, and by the time the plane had finished standing on its nose and had begun to fall backwards, the pilot's head was hanging by the merest scrap of tendon, and Nonaka, still strapped in his observer's seat, was dead to the world.

It must have been five in the afternoon when Nonaka recovered consciousness. His first thought was that the plane had not caught on fire. He could have realised such would not happen with the tiny amount of petrol and little chance at that moment of spontaneous combustion. He was hanging head downwards, and his head hurt, but he was able to unstrap himself, and fall gasping a few feet only to the ground. There he lay, again lapsed into unconsciousness.

He awoke in a cool desert night, when cold air came through strange crevasses in the red

Honourable Bone

sand, and an eerie breeze rustled the lush green leaves and spines of spinifex. He lay for a while and then looked for his pilot, for he had not had the strength before to do this. One look was all he required. He bowed ceremoniously three times to what now was a headless body.

He walked for a few yards the desert floor, and the coolness was like a tonic to him and invigorated him. He took from his tunic pocket his death bone, and held it, and thought in his way of thinking, which was something like philosophy, that soon there would be a chance and that, perhaps, he needed sleep. But first he needed drink. When he looked in the plane his water-bottle, crushed, was dry as a bone, and there was no water—only blood—in the front cockpit.

A Japanese soldier has little fear of the physical. Like other native races he has fear of the supernatural, and at that moment he could almost sense the supernatural. But the physical returned quickly enough, and he decided he would walk awhile and then return to the plane and sleep some more, and wait for the morrow. These things he did.

By high noon on the following day he was stretched underneath the shattered wing of the plane, trying to escape from the murderous sun. It poured down on lips which were already black and parched, his tongue was a size too big for his throat, his uvula was like a cushion beating, moving to strangle him.

He was in the midst of a vast plain with no big tree in sight, only stunted mulga not the height of a man's body. Then he rose and got out from under the wing, and stood in the sunlight, and began to walk as men do when they perish from thirst, in concentric circles, each circle getting smaller—not bigger—as death comes within hours which are so few.

At three that afternoon he saw the tribe come up with him. He recognized every one. He waved and they waved back. Pettamedgee smiled a friendly smile. Two of the younger women put their cool hands on his head and he was grateful, and they gave him great gourds of water to drink, and he drank and was grateful again. He could feel himself expanding to a greater strength than he had ever known. He laid hands on the women. Pettamedgee rose before him, menacing, angry.

"You came to steal our country," said Pettamedgee. "You came to fight and conquer and murder. You are evil things, you strange yellow men. Now you will die."

Captain Yoshiwo Nonaka tried to speak through lips which now were like over-grilled steak, with black furrows of dried and plastered blood forming a solid saliva, which was no longer liquid. But Pettamedgee would not let him speak.

"Give me what you have in your hand," he said.

The aborigine took the bone and pointed it this time, and Captain Yoshiwo Nonaka, of His Imperial Majesty's General Staff, felt death come to him from the end of the bone, and it circled round him and then went within him, and he died—fallen on his face and on his knees, his back arched, and a lizard ran over his neck.

Seven weeks later, Constable Tony Lynch reported at Barrow Creek, on his way back to Alice Springs. He got Senior Constable Hetherington to send down on the morse the strange story of a Japanese aeroplane which crash-landed over 400 miles to the north, almost in the country of the Sandstone Blacks, great live fellows who live on the fish of the sea, and are muscular like those negroid Arabs of Oman and Bahrain and Kowait, and have no relationship except ethnological with the Stone-age men of Australia's desert.

But Tony Lynch didn't go into all this. When he finished his report he said:—

"The funny thing is that a few feet away from the bloke whose mummy was near the wing of the plane was a death bone. Nothing funny in that, of course, you find 'em everywhere. But you don't find one tribe's death bone nearly 500 miles away from another's, and you don't expect to find a death bone by the side of a Japanese officer on the edge of Simpson's desert.

END.

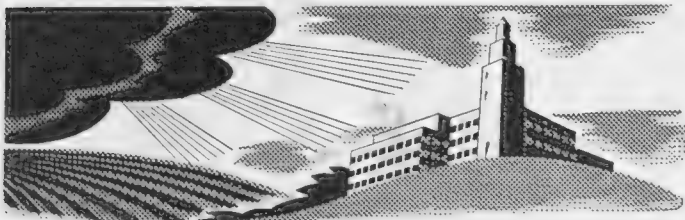
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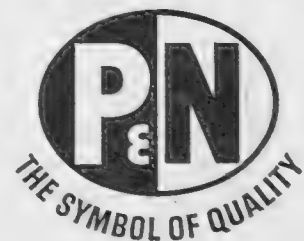
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Unique Tombstones

(Continued from page 29)

away from this place is the tombstone of a giant. It is in St. Andrew's churchyard at Penrith and is the reputed burial place of "Owen Caesarius," of Inglewood legend, who was king of Cumberland and who held court at Penrith. He spent a lot of his time exterminating wild boars in Inglewood Forest. Close by is the family resting place of the Hutchinsons; they were the parents of Mary Hutchinson, who became the wife of the poet Wordsworth.

A beautiful model of a church organ makes one of the most remarkable tombstones to be found. It is complete in every detail with pipes, pedals, stops and console. There is an inscription which says: "The above is from the design of the first organ built by the said John Laycock." A local firm of noted organ builders existed under the names of Laycock and Bannister, and the first mentioned was the founder. The model, which is carved out of a solid stone block is in the churchyard at Kildwick, Yorkshire.

The popular superstition that long life and happiness come to the seventh son of a seventh son is at fault in the case at Clare, Suffolk, where we read on a tombstone:—

In memory of Septimus, Seventh Son (a Seventh Son of James and Mary Brown), who died Sept. 19th, 1837, Aged 2 years and 6 weeks.

The epitaph on the Huntrodds' tombstone, at Whitby, Yorkshire, is very quaint and tells a remarkable story:—

Here lies the body of Francis Huntrodds and Mary his wife, who were both born on the same day of the week, month and year (viz) Sept'r ye 19th 1600. Married on the same day of their birth and after having had twelve children born to them died aged 80 years on the same day of the year they were born September ye 19th 1680 the one not five hours before ye other.

Husband and wife that died 12 children bear.
Dyd the same day alike both aged were
Bout eighty years they lived five hours did part
Ev'n on the marriage day each tender heart
So fit a match surely could never be
Bouth in their lives and in their death agree.

Animal lovers will like to see the remarkable tombstone of a man who was so fond of his pet that he and his faithful creature are buried in the same grave. He was an M.P. and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Leicestershire, Sir Joseph Danvers, and died 1753. The dog could not lie in consecrated ground, so the tomb was built half in and half out of the churchyard; thus the dog might lie in unconsecrated ground while its master was in consecrated and yet both remain together in death.

There are many other stones to be found with just as quaint inscriptions, so why not have a look round and see what you can bring to light.

END

Books (Continued from page 41)

at Drury Lane from the balcony. It looks like comparative peace and success for Nicky who has already played his part in a very pleasant romance culminating in a race to Gretna Green. Full of good action, this.

"Murder by Suggestion" might be an alternative title to "Envy My Simplicity," by Reyner Barton (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.). On the South Down farm are Sammy, the slow-witted, kindly worker who worships his elder brother Ned, and supervising all is their devoted grandmother. The crime, the method, and the cover, are well developed, although the insinuations in the magistrate's court which lead to the undoing of the rightful murderer would never have been allowed. But this is a well told and well characterised tale.

Last but by no means least is an unusual story about Mexico by Gertrude Diamant, "The Days of Ofelia" (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.). As a guide book to the people of the country and some of its problems it is excellent, which is to ignore the merits of the story itself. Ofelia, who becomes servant to the authoress at the age of ten by sheer persistence, is one of a large family which in their adventures may be taken as typical of many in Mexico. There is a full description of the poorer side of country as well as town life, and of the Indians who are such a permanent problem. You can either study this book or just enjoy it.

END

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How to prevent it.

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Secrets from the Badger Sett

(Continued from page 42)

shape. The canvas is fixed in position by clips and the hide entered from the back. Various peep holes are provided for the purposes of observation and photography, and the tent camouflaged with foliage cut from the immediate surroundings.

Badger watching is great sport, for which I have always found the best months to be June and July, when the longer days make it necessary for them to leave home earlier. It is essential to be in hiding early, and to be on the leaside. It is equally essential to be in a comfortable position as any movement after Brock has appeared sends him home again.

The badger's sense of smell is wonderfully acute. Tobacco smoke within a hundred yards is fatal, and one night I spoilt my chances of photography by carelessly dropping an apple core, earlier in the day, close to the mouth of the badger's burrow where I fixed my photographic apparatus in readiness for the night's activity. About ten o'clock that night, when a full moon shone brilliantly from a cloudless sky, a female badger emerged from the sett. She was furtively suspicious as she sniffed the air to gather the woodland news; then she sniffed at the apple core, and like a flash bundled down the corridor to safety.

THE red-letter day in a badger's life is when it comes across a nest of bees. I once watched a badger—a very fine specimen of a boar—locate the nest of a swarm of honey bees that had escaped from an apiary and utilised a hole at the foot of a fir tree. It was a lovely moonlight night and I could see quite plainly from my hide, as the badger, less than twenty feet from where I stood, callously ripped off the bark and feasted upon the honey. The angry bees buzzed around the robber in thousands, darting on to his thick fur and endeavouring in vain to drive in their stings. Once or twice he raised his paw to brush them from his face but continued with the feast, and there can be no doubt that with the honeycomb he must have devoured many bees.

The only other time I have ever seen a badger above ground in the daylight, was on an early spring morning. I reached my hide before dawn, while the birds were still asleep and the little coppice a mass of impenetrable gloom. I had been sitting there only a few minutes before a rumbling noise coming from the direction of the badger sett told me that the cubs were enjoying themselves in the undergrowth. But it was some while before the light sufficiently improved to enable me to see them as they rolled, tumbled and came to grips in happy abandon.

Suddenly their play ceased and they all darted off in the same direction—to meet their mother. She was evidently carrying a recent capture, but obstructing vegetation prevented my seeing what it was, although a rabbit skin, neatly turned inside out, which I later found nearby, may have been the answer to the question.

Badger cubs are born in spring, usually in March or April, although earlier litters have been recorded. They may be three, four or five in number and from the very first, the mother never spares herself for one moment to provide everything necessary for the welfare and comfort of her little ones. As a matter of fact, for the first few weeks of their lives the little ones are absolutely dependent upon their parents, although so far as domestic duties are concerned, the male badger leaves almost everything to his mate, with the exception of getting the necessary provisions. Both parents are very courageous in defence of their homes and little ones, and will fight to the very death if needs demand it.

Although blind and helpless at birth, the cubs develop quickly, and by the time they have reached the age of five months are almost full-grown and exact replicas of their parents.

END

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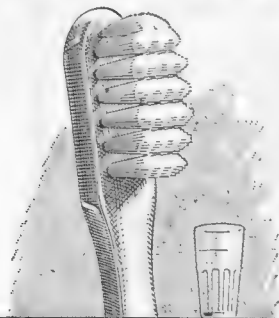
Wherever you live in Great Britain—you'll be right on the map for seasons to come if you choose this Harella utility coat. Brushed wool material, soft as a kitten's coat (such good colours, too!). High revers, clever centre fastening, back pleat for freedom—and Transatlantic peg-top pockets. Cut with that sure mastery that marks all Harella coats and suits—utility or otherwise. This model available in leading fashion stores in March, 90/9d. If in difficulty write to L. Harris Ltd. 90/98 Goswell Road, London, E.C.1

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Mighty Mills of War

(Continued from page 15)

or perhaps be torn up by spiked drums into cotton wool for making surgical dressings. The pieces of string will go to be made into a special quality paper for naval gunnery charts, for one firm alone uses ten tons of string a month for this purpose.

The best-quality woollen rags will be taken by the long-established mills in Yorkshire which make new cloth from old. Here, they will be stripped of all buttons, linings and zippers, and have the dust shaken out of them on wire trays agitated by machinery.

Then they will be loaded into a carbonising machine, where any cotton fibres are destroyed by the action of hot hydrochloric acid gas. Any acid left in the rags is neutralised in vats containing alkalies, and at this stage the rags may be dyed if they are to be "dyed in the wool."

The next operation is to pull them into shoddy, and this is done in a grinding machine, which tears the fibres apart by means of a set of toothed rollers. The wool emerges as a shapeless mass of fine fluff, and is ready to be mixed with a proportion of new wool. The mixture is stranded and twisted into loose thread on the carding and condensing machines, and is then spun into a strong yarn in the spinning mule.

The looms weave the yarn into a good-quality cloth which may now be "dyed in the piece." It is then ready for making into battledress, Army overcoats, blankets, or utility suits. A single suit of clothes contains about fifteen miles of yarn, and Mrs. Pines has probably not yet realised that the odd three inches of darning wool thrown away every week in each of the 60,000 homes of her town would total enough to make a battledress.

THE rubber scraps Mrs. Pines puts out for salvage are treated according to their composition. Some of them consist of red rubber, and some from rubber which has already been reclaimed. The split cycle tyre is likely to be made into "whole-tyre reclaim" by repeated treatment between heated rollers at the rubber mills.

After the wire rim has been cut out, the tyre is broken up in a machine called a "cracker," and then put into a "digester" for twenty hours to destroy the cotton fabric it contains. The rubber which emerges is forced through a strainer, and comes out in the form of long strands, like vermicelli, all ready for the milling.

This begins in the plasticiser, where it is rolled between two rough rollers, heated internally, till it forms a consistent mass. This is then rolled out in the refiner to form a single sheet of rubber of "silk" thickness, and nothing remains but to combine several sheets together by still further rolling, until it becomes thick enough for making into tyres for aircraft, guns, tanks, and other vehicles.

Mrs. Pines's contribution of rubber was necessarily small, but, as the salvage man said, every little helps, and somehow or other 700 tons of rubber have to be found for tyres, bullet-proof petrol tanks, collapsible dinghies, life-saving jackets and other equipment for every 1,000-bomber raid. But if her rubber salvage is only enough to make a soldier's ground-sheet, it will have been well worth collecting, for there are 12,000,000 Mrs. Pines.

The smallest of Mrs. Pines's items of salvage is the little meat bone, but though this weighs only two ounces it consists of concentrated raw material, and every particle of it is utilised. Although it has been cooked and is fairly clean, it yields nearly a quarter of an ounce of grease in the tanks of benzine vapour where it is first treated. This grease will subsequently be used for making lubricating oil, or perhaps for making soap and glycerine, for it is capable of yielding enough glycerine for the cordite in two cartridges of a Hurricane's guns.

The last item in Mrs. Pines's salvage is her bucket of food scraps, and this is taken away by a special collector to be made into "pudding" for pigs and poultry. It is illegal to feed such scraps to animals until it has been

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boiled for at least one hour, but the boiling may be done in various ways. In some London districts the kitchen waste is steam-cooked for two hours in special concentrators, each of which holds two tons, but Mrs. Pines's contribution will be thoroughly cooked in a spare fat boiler.

When cooked, the kitchen waste is no longer recognisable, but comes pouring into the waiting bins like thick brown porridge. It cools to a stiff "pudding," and is packed in sacks for distribution to the local farms. It takes about ten pounds of kitchen waste to feed a pig for one day, and about five ounces may be mixed with the food of a hen. A little more than a ton will feed a pig from birth till bacon time, from which it has been calculated that the scraps from Mrs. Pines's dinner are equivalent to one extra rasher in the nation's larder.

END

Ribbed Sweater

(Continued from page 40)

36-in. SIZE

BACK AND FRONT

Cast on 112 st. instead of 104 and increase to 144 instead of 136. Make side seams longer if desired. Reduce to 112 st. and continue as 34-in. size.

SLEEVES

Cast on 64 st. instead of 56. Increase to 88 instead of 80 and reduce to 34 instead of 26 at end.

38-in. size

Use No. 9 needles instead of No. 10.

Green Jerkin

(Continued from page 40)

Next row.—Rib up to casting off, turn, cast on 3 st. Turn, rib to end. Repeat buttonhole every 1½ ins. until decreasing at neck starts: **THE SLEEVES (2 alike)**

With 2-ply wool and No. 10 needles cast on 104 st. Work straight for 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 50 st. Cast off.

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

With No. 12 needles and 2-ply wool cast on 32 st. Work stocking st. for 7 ins. Now work 4 buttonholes as follows: *k. 4 st. Cast off 3. Repeat from *, ending cast off 3, k. 4.

Next row.—* P. 4, turn, cast on 3; rep. from * to end.

Work 2 rows. Cast off.

THE DICKEY (COLLAR) (2 pieces alike)

With 2-ply wool and No. 13 needles, cast on 136 st. Work stocking st. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 104 st. Work 4 rows straight. Cast off.

THE FRONTS (2 alike)

With 2-ply wool and No. 13 needles cast on 50 st. Work stocking st. for 5 ins. Cast off 14 st., k. 2 tog., next casting off on every other row until this sloping side measures 4 ins. Cast off remaining st. Now work 2 more pieces with sloping side at opposite edge.

TO MAKE UP

Sew 2 collar pieces together along longest edge and 2 sloping ends with P. side outside, turn inside out with K. side outside and press. Join the 2 pairs of fronts together in same manner, leaving cast on edges open. Turn and press. Sew collar to sloping edges of dickey. Sew up side seams of back and front. Sew on buttons. Sew shoulder seams. Tack dickey inside neck and sew collar to back of neck. Sew cuffs in half longways so that there are 2 buttonholes. Work round buttonholes. Sew sleeve seams to within 2 ins. of lower edge. Gather lower edge on to cuffs. Sew on cuff buttons.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more 3-ply is needed.

36-in. SIZE

Cast on 118 st. instead of 106 for back, and increase to 150 st. instead of 138. Reduce to 106 st. for shoulders, and finish as 34-in. size. Have 6 st. extra for each front and work in same manner.

38-in. SIZE

As 36-in. size, using No. 9 needles instead of No. 10. No alterations in sleeves and dickey are necessary.

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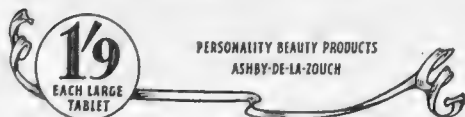
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Smoothness**

Use carefully—like all good things it's scarce



Expanding World . . . (Continued from page 16)

chemistry and techniques. Teams of scientists and production engineers find new ways of doing building jobs faster and in larger quantity, bringing these techniques to the largest things, to dwelling-houses, workshops, sea cargo-carriers, giant multi-engined aircraft.

Men themselves are moving the same way in their groupings. They have to. The 48,000,000 British have tied up with the 180,000,000 Russians for twenty years. The British and Americans are feeling for the basis of post-war co-operation: a combination of the two would be the biggest grouping in history, and would constitute the dominant power in the world of to-morrow. Under the manner of Japan, the 400,000,000 Chinese are slowly coagulating into a unified nation around the core of Chiang Kai-shek's group.

NOBODY expects post-war Europe to revert to its former jumble of watertight sovereign states, each for itself, and none for all. The Poles and Czechs, through their free governments, have agreed to unite, and so have the Greeks and Jugoslavs. General Wladyslaw Sikorski wants all four to go in together, and invites Rumania, Hungary, Austria and Bulgaria to federate too, making a bloc of 120,000,000 East Europeans stretching from the Baltic to the Aegean, with common citizenship, common military, economic, foreign and financial policies. It looks idealistic, but back of it is the hard knowledge that weak small states invite or provoke war in the big world the machine has created.

There is the further technological fact that in the modern world governments operating in a small area cannot bring to their people higher living standards based on efficient use of machines and provision of public services. Larger than small-nation units are needed in railways, waterways, electric power, communications, highways, and other public services. Europe is half a million square miles smaller than the United States in land area, but 270,000,000 people bigger in population. But she is poorer and less developed than the United States, or Britain, because she has been splintered by obstinate nationalisms.

Rational development is impossible when electrical power cables stop, highway systems end, rail gauges or personnel and management change, at every national frontier.

It has been suggested that if political factors still block larger units in public services after the war, the British, Americans and Russians should intervene and set up an international control, in which eventually the technical and organising men of a disarmed Germany could find top places in the directorates. It would be one solution. The Germans, in their role of masters of German Europe, are doing some of the groundwork already, extending and unifying the central European electric grid, and the waterways system, through Speer's *Reichsbahn Amt* and *Reichs Kanal Amt*.

THE Western leaders are more aware now than they were that the problem core of utilising their colossal machine productive power lies in raising the living standard of Asia, potentially the world's biggest market. So far they have been thinking too small.

They have concentrated too much on the little group of highly advanced industrial states, which accounts for nine-tenths of world trade through mutual exchange of products. They have sought to over-sell in their own national areas, boosting high-to-luxury standards of the intensively industrialised states, high-pressuring their own people into buying more of things they don't need and can't really afford, or new things which add nothing to their happiness, health or security. But from a pin-point vision seen by a few, the vista is widening of Asiatic development with a view to larger world markets. A rise of a penny a day in the Asiatic income means a new £1,000,000,000-a-year market which to-day doesn't exist.

Africa is even more backward than Asia, and so smaller by our gauge. With its rich

resources, and strategic position within easy reach of all continents, it remains the world's least developed land bloc. Climatic conditions largely explain this. They have blacked out most of the continent for white settlement. But improvements in electro-chemical and refrigeration processes promise to fertilise and enlarge the dark continent. Medical discoveries, like the sulfa drugs which have virtually wiped out bacillary dysentery, are helping. And trans-continental airways, enlarged or new ports and settlements, and a couple of trans-continental highways—more than 10,000 miles have already been added to Africa's arterial highways since the war spilled into Africa from Europe—are providing the foundation for to-morrow's bigger Africa.

Britain, next to the United States, is the most highly developed country in the world. But she is going bigger in a variety of ways. If the Beveridge Plan goes through, she'll have to-morrow the world's biggest social security set-up. In any case she will go bigger by way of more houses, roads, phones, cars, planes, machines, production, and trade. Since she will emerge from the war so much poorer, this forecast may seem optimistic. But new techniques in the field of quantity production, new materials, and new methods, promise to accomplish this apparent miracle.

A large factor in world growth is progressively less wasteful use of labour and materials. A good many plastic materials, substituting for metals or wood, are made out of farm, forest and industrial waste. Plastics will replace some materials—laminated plastics may even be used in structural work in place of steel—on a cost and available-supply basis, in to-morrow's bigger world; for this world is going to be a prodigal consumer of raw materials.

WITHIN ten to twelve years after the war we should have, besides fool-proof family planes, low, racy, graceful, plastic-bodied motor cars, doing 100 miles an hour with safety, the power coming from a precision-job engine smaller and lighter than the smallest and lightest in contemporary cars, and utilising the 100-octane petrol which explains much of the power and efficiency of latter-day aero engines.

These are the cars which our children, grown, will drive in to-morrow's larger world. Married, they will build or move into a house costing less than to-day's house costs, size for size and room for room, built and equipped largely of plastic and other materials which may be patented now, but are not yet in commercial production. They will wear suits and frocks, hats, shoes and underwear, of plastic—nylon is a plastic, and rayon is first cousin to a plastic—sit on plastic chairs, and sleep in plastic beds, and many of them will work in aircraft, motor-car, chemical and plastic factories bigger than now seems credible.

In their homes they will have electric robots for shaving, cleaning, cooking, heating, air-conditioning, message-carrying, and for such simple but time-absorbing garden jobs as hedge-clipping. A wife will pick up the phone and call to her husband in a plane flying on the other side of the earth, as easily as to-day she can pick up the same instrument and by the magic of electronic tubes have a two-way phone talk to someone in New York or Sydney. They will move faster and farther in less time, with less risk and discomfort, and at less cost, and, as producers, turn out more with less effort in less time.

And they will live in a world at peace. That is certain. For there's one thing about this biggest of all wars, which is forging the bigger world of to-morrow. It's so big that, even if they'd like to, the nations and powers who come out on the other side of it won't be able to fight another one for generations. It's one job that will be too big for any or all of them for quite a long time to come.

END

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

children. Each child has its own bathroom peg, two towels, face flannel, mug, tooth-brush, brush and comb, its own clothes bag for outdoor clothes, and cubby-hole for nursery clothes. The children have breakfast, midday meal and tea. The food is excellent, well-cooked, well served, and every precaution is taken to see that the diet is varied, well-balanced, and suitable for children. The babies have their cots and separate play nurseries. The older children have stretchers for their mid-day rest and play-rooms as well as sun-roofs. On paper it is as well-ordered, bright and jolly as a nursery book, but real-life children can be vastly different from picture-book children. They are bounding with rude health one day and fretful the next. Towards the end of an eleven-hour day little children get pathetically homesick and desperately in need of their own mothers.

Day nurseries are, after all, merely a second-best to home life and, therefore, it is up to all of us to make this second-best as easy as possible for the children. If you have spare time to give, forget the officers and men in canteens and hostels. They are old enough to take care of themselves. Forget nice uniforms, sacrifice glamour and adventure, go and help in the day nurseries and make the work really child's play.

END

When We Begin to Travel Once Again . . .

(Continued from page 20)

where we were five minutes ago: the likely priorities of travel, and the slow rebirth of tourism on the Continent, in wake of the cease fire.

However speedily the Allied liberators contrive to exercise control as they move forward over frontier after frontier, there is bound to be a great deal of killing and violence and destruction. The Germans will wreck transport, stores, everything. This will add to the difficulties and responsibilities of those invested with Priority No. 1, the relief workers. They will need to move constantly about with their urgent cargoes. What transport is available after the troops have had first whack, will inevitably be earmarked for relief. Tens of thousands of relief workers will be necessary and one foresees members of the women's services being enrolled, provided they prepare themselves in advance; at any rate, women are more likely to tread the Continent as relief workers than attached to military formations, as in war.

Relief workers will unite with suitable inhabitants of the distressed regions. They will include numbers of Allied nationals now in Britain, and also past residents of countries to be succoured. Thus I have seen a notice asking former British residents of France to volunteer for relief work in that country, knowing the language and how to get along with the French.

At the same time, it is obvious that an army of officials, correspondents, broadcasters, etc., must have earliest access to the liberated lands in order to control events and report on these, and to prepare the way towards a variety of settlements.

Now let us see who travels next.

It will be the job of those in control to repatriate firstly foreign refugees in this country, and after them our own compassionate cases. There is a fear lest an inordinate number of foreign refugees will want to stay here. That seems doubtful; but, in any case, those who fled before the Nazis and who wish to return to their native lands must obviously be given priority. And as regards our own "compassionates," is there not a strong case in favour of sending back at the earliest opportunity all British nationals who formerly lived in this and that country, Belgium, Holland, etc.? These people must pick up their broken lives again, and they have every right to be allowed (Continued on page 66)



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THAT line from "These Foolish Things" spoils an otherwise delightful song for most men, for though they like to see cherry-ripe lips, they shudder at the sight of lipstick smears left on cigarettes, teacups—or their own collars. To prevent lipstick smearing too badly apply it properly; smooth it in, dust over with a powder-puff, then add a further touch of lipstick on top.

Wearing chipped nail varnish is another unforgivable beauty sin. Bright red nails are lovely if you have the time and enthusiasm to keep them glittering magnificently; if not, colourless varnish is much nicer.

Although a shiny nose is embarrassing, constant powdering is even more so. Noses shine because the oily, sebaceous glands are working overtime. Most effective treatment is vigorous night and morning soap-and-water washing. (The soap

forms an emulsion with the oil, which is washed away in the water.)

And pity your poor husband at night. It's a bitter disappointment for a man who led a glamorous bride to the altar to have to spend his life with a greasy-creamed, curling-papered, chin-strapped wife. If you must sleep in curlers cover them with a piece of chiffon tied in a pretty bow on top. Use nourishing cream for massage only; wipe it off before going to bed. And if lily-white hands mean sleeping gloves, set one night in the week aside for wearing them. And if your husband is in the Forces, forget your nightly beauty routine altogether when he's home on leave. Let him go back remembering you at your loveliest. And that means using all the fascinating Icilma Beauty Aids that we've been telling you to save for special occasions. There couldn't be a more special occasion than a week's leave, could there?

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to travel ahead of newcomers after their jobs. They will also be good advance envoys.

Many of them will not only be able to aid rebuilding and rehabilitation; they can notably help in recreating the trade and commerce of stricken countries.

And while all this post-war travel is filling the slender means of transport available, and while its denizens are eating the rare supplies, think of two other terrific calls on transport and food. The return of the prisoners of war and of the huge migrations ordered by Hitler. Never in the history of the world has there been such a colossal unthinkable uprooting. In Poland alone, millions are involved, but Hitler has moved foreign nationals in scores of thousands across the face of Europe. There was no such thing to absorb traffic after 1918 as the repatriation of these millions will impose when this war stops.

And picture the condition great numbers of these people will be in. It will probably be necessary to send the worst cases—as of tuberculosis, which is understood to be rampant—precisely to the climatic resorts which normally would await tourists. You may be sure, for example, that the French will open the Riviera's hotels, villas, casinos, everything, to their 1,300,000 returned prisoners of war, the majority already sorely undermined physically. Such resorts had their hotels fitted as hospitals when I left France, so that it should not be difficult to refashion them, always provided the Germans leave anything standing. Do not forget that

When We Begin to Travel Once Again . . .

the Huns are in most of Europe's resorts outside Switzerland, and that apart from the destruction of property they may indulge, many celebrated places have been fortified so as to make them unrecognisable.

Besides what the Nazis have done with them, these resorts are badly decayed and suffering from neglect. It will take much money and labour to make them look respectable once more.

Yet another stopper on tourist traffic will be the severity of passport control. If we complained before this war, we shall have far more cause to do so in the immediate post-war period when a grievously troubled Continent is sure to keep its barriers down at the frontier.

But it is merely inviting disappointment to envisage a swift general return to the Continent, for no such thing can occur. The very mood of certain lands would militate against it, aside from the long succession of impediments I have instanced. Holidays will needs be overwhelmingly in the British Isles for some time—maybe two or three summers—after the war. It would be a splendid opportunity for popular cruises but shipping will be heavily engaged on relief and in sailings connected with the transport of millions of troops and stores.

END

Keepers of the Flocks

(Continued from page 28)

from his teeth. He turned swiftly and disappeared into the lane. He had remembered a safe meadow, a quarter of a mile down, where the gate was unhasped and stayed closed on its own weight.

He got there just before the leading ram, and stood foursquare in the mud of the lane, forcing the now steadily moving woolly flood to swerve in towards the gate. Slowly it opened, forced wider as the first few passed through into the meadow, and finally stood open, the foot of its swinging upright jammed in the end of the semicircular rut it had cut through the mud. The dog worked patiently until the last member of the flock, an old ewe a little lame in the foot, had hobbled through. Then he went in after them and leaned his weight against the inside of the gate. At first it wouldn't move, and, running around it, he scraped with his forepaws to deepen the rut cut by the upright. This time he succeeded in starting the gate, which, slowly gathering momentum as it followed the slight tilt of the post to which it was hinged, swung to with a dull clatter. For a moment the dog stood panting, stooping suddenly to cock his head to the distant sound of hooves lower down the lane.

He came through the bars with a graceful movement and looked quickly down the slope of the lane towards the farm in the valley. In the distance a pony was visible, on its back the trim figure of a girl in coat and breeches and a bright green jumper. An unexpected gleam of watery sun lit up, even at that distance, the waves of Titian hair escaping beneath the wide brim of her hat. Recognising Denise, the dog barked furiously, and he saw her stand up in her stirrups and cup her hands to her mouth before the sound of her voice reached him. He barked again, standing on his hind legs to attract her attention, then dropped to his feet, turned back towards the moor, and ran swiftly up the lane. As he ran, he heard the hoof beats quicken behind him. . . .

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ROY LENDERSON peered steadily through binoculars into the misty rain to the south, his legs braced to the movement of the bridge as the destroyer sheared through the swell. A heavier wall of rain was moving up from the west, and, consulting his wrist watch, he turned an inquiring look on the navigator in the well of the bridge.

"We should sight the *Wilhelm Deutsch* within twenty minutes, sir," the lieutenant told him.

The captain nodded. "Good! We'll run down inside the edge of that squall." He turned to the first lieutenant. "Sound the general alarm, Number One!" he ordered as the destroyer curved off towards the west.

Within a minute of the first clanging of the bells, Ted Burgess came running on to the bridge with the captain's tin hat, lifejacket and gas mask. He helped him on with them before disappearing to return with the inevitable mug of steaming cocoa. The captain grinned, and took it from him. "Don't know how I should keep warm without you, Ted," he said.

As he drank the contents of the mug, the destroyer swept into the curtain of rain, and within minutes the decks were running with water and visibility had been reduced to a few hundred yards.

Within a couple of minutes the captain's binoculars picked up the shape of the surface raider. She showed as a slight thickening among the slanting lines of rain. He turned swiftly to the navigator and snapped out a series of orders. Ignoring the raised eyebrows, he spoke next to the gunnery officer, who, politely endeavouring to conceal his opinion that the captain had gone mad, turned swiftly to translate his orders into action.

"In position for torpedoing, sir," snapped the navigator.

"Right! Let 'em go!"

The captain lifted his binoculars again, and when he picked up the twin streaks of foam drawing parallel lines to link the two ships in diagonal, he raised his hand.

A second later the guns roared, and presently a group of fountains rose from the sea well short of the still vague shape of the *Wilhelm Deutsch*. His hands trembled as he watched to see if the ruse would turn her as he had intended. Yes . . . yes, she was swinging round to give them a broadside—swinging her port side slap into the track of the torpedoes! He turned swiftly to the navigator with a new order, and the destroyer lurched quickly to the call of the helm as a row of orange flashes blurred through the rain from the decks of the raider. He heard the whistle of the shells, then the vibrating impact as they straddled the thin-skinned destroyer. "Good shooting," he muttered, and broke into an exclamation of satisfaction as two

muffled explosions, running into each other, told that the torps had found their mark. The destroyer, a white bone in her teeth, was still surging towards the now more distinct bulk of the ship in front, and suddenly her forward guns spoke, and spoke again. Upflung debris on board the *Wilhelm Deutsch* proved that the gunnery officer knew his job.

"Good enough," muttered the captain to himself. "That'll stop her long enough for the *Immutable* to catch up and finish the job." He gave a series of quick orders which brought the destroyer round in a clean semi-circle and took her straight back into the driving squall.

As her bows lifted to the pressure of the screws, "Escort vessel!" bawled the look out from the crow's-nest. "Escort vessel! Two points off the port bow!"

"I wondered where *she* was," murmured the captain, as he swung his binoculars. He picked her up almost immediately, and promptly decided she hadn't the speed for a running fight. All the same, if she were out of the way the old *Immutable* would have a cushy job.

HE spoke quickly to the navigator, and as the destroyer swung to the north-west, two more torpedoes left their tubes almost simultaneously with the bark of the guns above them. He observed at least one hit on the escort's stern before her guns flashed in answer to his own. Two spouts of water rose short of the port bow of the destroyer and came crashing down on the bridge like a tidal wave, while a hole opened in the foredeck between the hawse pipes and sprouted a dull cloud of smoke. But their speed didn't slacken, and the captain heaved a sigh of relief. He turned slowly on his feet, keeping the escort in view as the destroyer swung off on a northerly course, presenting her stern to the enemy. It was then that the escort's light guns opened fire. It was a short burst, for as they were still stuttering the torpedoes found their mark again, and the escort lifted straight out of the water with a broken back.

A cheer from the destroyer's crew drowned the captain's grunt as the binoculars slipped out of his hands. He stumbled against the binnacle and slumped over the gyro-compass in front of the navigator. The M.O. who had been watching the action from a wing of the bridge, ran back, reaching him at the same time as the first lieutenant, and slipped an arm round him. The captain's eyes flickered, and opened.

"Take over, Number One," he muttered. "Back to the convoy now, and give the raider's position to the *Immutable*. She can't get away now," he murmured. "We must see the convoy safely in port. Not far now. Look after your charges first. . . . Look after. . . ." His voice trailed away, and his eyes closed wearily.

"We must get him down to his cabin," said the M.O. urgently, and found himself pushed aside as Ted Burgess forced his way past.

"Ready, sir!" said Ted, who had been acting as one of a gun's crew, and placed his arms under the captain's back, while the first lieutenant directed the signals officer to his feet. Between them they got him down the bridge ladder and into his cabin, where Ted stood greyly by while the doctor made a quick examination. Then the M.O. looked up with a more happy expression. "He'll be all right," he said. "But it'll mean six months' rest, at least."

"Who wants a rest?" asked the captain weakly, and Ted stumbled towards the bunk.

"You're all right, zur," he said a little wildly, and crumpled up on the floor.

"Lie still!" roared the doctor as his first patient struggled to rise in his bunk. "A damned fine pair of you," he grumbled, stripping off Ted's jacket. Presently he looked over his shoulder at the captain. "He'll be all right, too," he said gruffly. "And he'll want a rest. He's like yourself—got some shrapnel through his chest."

"Thank God for that!" breathed the captain. "I don't know what his father would have said if I'd come back without him." And the captain quietly slipped back into unconsciousness. (Continued on page 68)

*What
lustre!
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He didn't hear the stutter of the destroyer's pom-poms an hour later when, running into a clear patch, she sighted a Kurier bomber flying in the direction of the convoy still ahead of them. He didn't see the holes open in the bomber's wings, nor the jettisoning of its bombs as it limped away to the north-east.

But he heard about it that afternoon when Ted, defying hell and the doctor, was borne into his cabin on a stretcher, carefully balancing a mug of steaming cocoa in his hands.

The captain smiled helplessly and felt a catching at his throat. "Still got the cocoa habit, Ted," he said gently.

"Aye, aye, zur." And Ted told him about the bomber. "Great ugly toad her was," he said, "wi' skulls and crossbones painted on the wings. But us knocked holes through they all right. And through the compass, I'd say, 'cause they limped off towards the nor'-east 'stead of easterly."

The first lieutenant put his head in at the doorway.

"Convoy ahead, sir," he announced. "In formation as ordered, all present and correct."

"Good show!" breathed the captain, and smiled happily.

Then the M.O. came bustling in and chivvied Ted out of it. As the stretcher went through the doorway, Ted raised himself on his elbow and looked back over his shoulder. "The admiral he'll be right proud of this day's work, zur," he said.

Then Roy suddenly visualised his father listening to the story, seated in his armchair by the fire. It was overlapped by a mental picture of the closed-in lines of the convoy, compactly moving into harbour, which in turn dissolved into a memory of Rough patiently coaxing a bunch of slow ewes down a country lane. . . .

DENISE, a nameless fear urging her on, pressed the pony to its uphill work. She had heard the coughing engines of the bomber, and then the grinding crash. Maybe it had come down among the sheep, and injured old Dick. But at that moment she caught sight of the flock in a meadow on her left. Their presence there puzzled her, but she had no time for that now.

With a final spurt, the pony heaved his rider up the rise to the gateway and through on to the short-cropped turf, where Denise looked swiftly about her. On her left, the moor, sweeping down to the edge of the cliffs, was bare. She wheeled the pony round, and sat forward in the saddle with an exclamation of horror.

Way up on the rise, a black wing stood up at a crazy angle to the sky, its swastika and skull and crossbones looking incongruously foolish. But Denise only took this in subconsciously. As she turned, she had seen Rough launch himself at the throat of one of two men in grey uniform. The man went down as if he had been hit with a battering ram, and his companion twisted quickly, looked as if he were about to run down over the slope towards the cliffs, then turned again, reaching his right hand in a swift movement to his hip.

Denise closed her eyes for a brief, anguished moment before galvanising herself into swift action. She urged the pony to a gallop as the man raised his arm, pointing a revolver at the struggling heap on the ground. He seemed uncertain of his aim, moving about jerkily from spot to spot. His back was towards her, and he was so concentrated on his task that he failed to hear the hooves of the pony on the turfy carpet of the moor. Denise sent up a short, heartfelt prayer as she bore down on him. She was only a few yards away when he fired, and a second later she rode him down as if he had been a rat. The pony slithered as he pulled him up sharply and swung to the ground with a quick, turning movement that brought her round facing the group.

Rough had rolled off the man's body and

Keepers of the Flocks

was lying, moaning softly, on the grass. There was no movement from the two men, and she ran to the dog, slipping an arm under his head. She examined him quickly, expertly, and breathed a long sigh of relief. The bullet had gone through the fleshy part of his thigh, missing the bone. His leg was useless at the moment, but it would mend.

"Lie still, old chap," she murmured. "I'll put you right in a minute."

She turned to the two men on the ground.

The first was obviously dead. The dog's teeth had nearly met in his throat, and his companion's bullet, passing through Rough's flesh, had finished the job. He was of the type who look arrogant in newspaper photographs of prisoners of war. He didn't look arrogant now.

The other man was breathing stertorously, and Denise, producing a length of cord from her pocket, bound his wrists very firmly in the small of his back, carrying the loose end down to his ankles and tying them securely. She was testing the tightness of a knot when she heard a weak call behind her and swung round on her heels.

"Dick!" she cried.

The old man was walking unsteadily, and as she ran towards him she saw that his left arm was hanging limply at his side and that there was a darkening of the tough, weathered skin over his temple.

"What is it, Dick? What happened to you?" she asked anxiously as she reached him.

"They fired at me," he said angrily, indicating his shoulder. "It made me stumble, and I came a fair cracker in thart old dip back along. When I came round again and crawled out the hole I zeed you bendin' down there wi' Rough. What's to do?"

She told him what she could, and when she came to the sheep the old man chuckled proudly. "A rare dog, that, Miss Denise," he said. "Master Roy'll be right proud of him when he hears about this."

"But what about your shoulder, Dick?" Denise asked him in a worried voice. "We must do something—"

"Nay, don't ee worry," he drawled. "'Tis but a scratch. Us must see to the dog. If we tie un to the pony's saddle we can get un home all right."

Rough winced as they lifted him, and wagged his tail weakly as if apologising.

When they had got him fixed into a comfortable position, Denise indicated the men on the ground. "What about them?" she asked.

"Let 'em bide," the old man said. "Us'll ring up Sergeant Chugg when us gets home, and let him see to 't." He glanced down at the bodies with a tightened jaw. "The murderous toads!" he growled.

Denise wondered at the anger in a voice so habitually placid, until he spoke again. "Them's the sort as try to kill Master Roy and my Ted," he explained.

Denise nodded, and her lovely face hardened a little. "We'll let the police see to it," she agreed, and gently urged the pony into a walk, the old man falling in by her side.

As they walked, she looked down over the sweep of the moor to the cliffs, and beyond to the Atlantic. The rain had stopped, and a pale sun was turning the colour of the water from grey to green. Across the horizon she saw coming into view three faint, thin lines of squat ships.

"Look, Dick!" she cried wistfully. "Another convoy!"

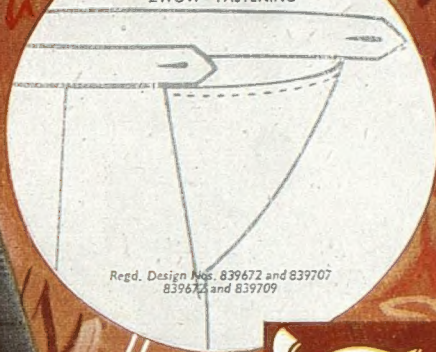
Sensing each other's thoughts, they watched it without speaking.

Their shoulders were unconsciously squared as they turned the pony's nose into the gateway and began the long descent of the steep-banked lane. Smoke was rising from the farm chimneys, and they both knew that the admiral would be waiting there, anxious for news of the flock.

Exit

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